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RITA MARTIN.

LADY EVELYN COLLINS.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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AMENDING THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

DURING the week in which the Smithfield Fat Stock Show is held, farmers have many opportunities of making known their grievances, and it was particularly desirable that they should avail themselves of the chance of doing so this year. We are on the eve of a General Election, and although it is dominated by strictly political questions, such as Tariff Reform, the House of Lords and the Budget, it is certain that the next House of Commons will have to deal with one or two questions of direct importance to farmers. This was made manifest both at the meeting of the Farmers' Club on Thursday of last week and at the meeting of the National Farmers' Union. The object with which the latter body has been started is to promote the election of members of Parliament who will devote themselves to the furthering of agricultural interests. The plan adopted has been to raise adequate funds for the purpose of maintaining two members, and a beginning will be made by running two candidates, one belonging to each of the great political parties. The main question which farmers wish to have solved at the present moment is the amendment of the Small Holdings Act of last year. From time to time attention has been drawn in these columns to certain flagrant examples of injustice in connection with the purchase of land for the purpose of dividing it up. Cases have occurred, to name only a few, in Lincolnshire, in Cheshire and in Berkshire, where prosperous and capable farmers were forcibly ejected from their land in order to

make room for applicants under the Small Holdings Act. Under any circumstances this is a kind of thing to cause irritation. It is unjust to the farmer and not good for the nation. Land ought to be well cultivated as a first essential. We have here a man who has hired land and has worked it with profit to himself and advantage to the neighbourhood, which always benefits from good tillage. In some instances the tenants had been doing well for a quarter of a century or more. Then the land comes up for sale, and whether this is by compulsion or not does not concern us for the moment. The essential fact is that the estate changes hands. Now, generally speaking, the buyer of land would be only too glad to let the old tenant remain, providing he were willing to pay a reasonable rent and there is no cause for dissatisfaction with him. It would be considered very foolish, to say the least of it, to turn him out and put in a newcomer, whose capacity for managing the holding has yet to be demonstrated. A public body ought to carry a greater sense of responsibility than a private owner. At bottom there is only one consideration that would justify them in meddling with the purchase and hiring of land at all, and that is the good of the community. It would be taking a very narrow and wrong view of their duties were they to imagine that their business was to protect and favour individuals who make application under the Small Holdings Act. Yet we fear that the latter has been the view too frequently taken. In the notorious Berkshire case, for example, a prosperous farmer was ejected from his holding, and a village practically ruined in order to make room for a number of small holders, whose success was problematic. The land was well cultivated by the farmer; who knows if it will be so under the new tenants?

We understand that the ground to be taken by the farmers is that, if one of them is disturbed for no other purpose except to meet the requirements of applicants under the new Act, he is entitled to compensation for the disturbance. This is the very least that they could demand. The disturbance is in itself extremely foolish, and if local bodies will indulge their fads and fancies at the expense of other people, they ought to pay for them. No doubt in the next Parliament a very strenuous attempt will be made to secure this emendation of the Small Holdings Act, and during the coming election the members of the Farmers' Union ought to stir themselves to see that candidates for rural constituencies have a clear and decided opinion on the point.

Other subjects came before the Farmers' Union. A recommendation was agreed to that the Government should be urged to provide further means for protecting country people from the mischief done by tramps. This is a matter of far more importance than appears on the surface. The tramp of recent years has tended to become a greater nuisance than ever before. He has revolted against the workhouse. "No man likes to go there," said one of them to the present writer only a few days ago. But if they will not take advantage of the shelter that the law provides, they are bound to seek some other. The consequence is that they ensconce themselves on the lee side of one of those ricks which it is now customary to build in the fields, or take temporary possession of a shed or any other building over which a vigilant watch is not kept. Some of them are professional thieves and hit whatever comes within their reach and is portable. The majority, even of those that are honest, are careless to a degree. They never think of shutting a gate, and a great many conflagrations have been traced to their habit of throwing down the match with which a pipe has been lighted. Not very long ago, close to London, the greater part of a farm-steading was destroyed by fire owing to this cause; and as the place was not insured to anything like its full value, the tenant suffered a very severe pecuniary loss. The suggestion made at the meeting was that the recommendations of the Poor Law Commissioners should be carried out promptly. The main lines on which proceedings should be taken are pretty generally understood. The tramp is entitled to relief the first time of asking, but his name and avowed destination should be registered. It would be easy to ascertain by means of the telephone if he kept steadily on his way, and further help could be afforded were it apparent that he had a definite purpose in view. But if he is only strolling about in idleness, then the sooner a period is put to his wanderings the better alike for himself and for residents in the country.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Collins. Lady Evelyn Collins is a sister of the Duke of Roxburgh, and her marriage to Major William Fellowes Collins took place in 1907.

••• It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

ON his way to Eaton Hall, where he is paying a visit to the Duke of Westminster, the King stopped at Chester, where the Mayor presented a loyal address. There is a passage in His Majesty's reply which is well worth noting. After expressing his great gratification at being able to re-visit Chester, he went on: "Your noble cathedral, your historic walls, and the care which has been taken in the necessary work of renovation and reconstruction, to preserve the ancient characteristics of your city, excite the interest and admiration of visitors from every quarter of the globe." The King has set many fashions in his time, and the gain to the country will be great if other ancient corporations take this as a hint to preserve and maintain their historic buildings and other memorials which have been handed down from the past. In many places where it might be expected that a more enlightened spirit would prevail, ancient and modern are so jumbled together as to spoil any pleasure which the educated visitor might take in studying the scene of historical events.

Two communications in our "Correspondence" pages this week ought to be read in conjunction one with the other. A member of the Surveyors' Institution, who acts as agent to a landlord, was desired by his employer to make arrangements whereby the cottage tenants should pay their own rates and thus realise their responsibilities. There was no intention of making them pay more, the sole object being to make the labouring man realise what a rise or fall in the rates meant. It is interesting to know that they fell in with the proposal; but, incidentally, our correspondent gives some information that ought to interest the members of the Rural Housing and Sanitation Association, on whose behalf we publish another letter. This is the extremely low rents which are charged for country cottages. From his letter it would appear that the average rent is about two pounds ten shillings a year, or, roughly speaking, a shilling a week. This is, in his own words, "low, even for farm labourers' cottages." Still, this is the state of things actually existing on English estates. It is no fanciful picture, as we happen to know the estate, the owner and the agent.

With the objects of the Rural Housing and Sanitation Association we have a warm sympathy, and we gladly recognise the most valuable work that is being performed by this body. We would like to ask, however, if Miss Constance Cochrane, the treasurer of the association, is not straying a little into the regions of impracticability when she says that, "in order to give effect to such a scheme, it is strongly felt that higher rents than one shilling and sixpence and two shillings a week will have to be paid by the cottage tenant; and to meet the increased rents it will be necessary for wages to rise to the equivalent, or nearly the equivalent, amount." It is of little use to attempt to strengthen a case by bringing in very bad political economy. The wages of labourers may be low. We do not know that they are so very much so, if account be taken of the advantages they enjoy over dwellers in the town; but, at any rate, it is absurd to expect that wages should rise in order to enable a higher rent to be paid. Labour has its market price, and it must inevitably rise or fall according to conditions that have been ascertained by political economists, and it is of no use to pass a reform on the supposition that wages will rise.

Unfortunately, such rents as those we have alluded to exist only on the farms. It is a mistake to think that the insalubrious

cottages of open parishes are cheap. Those to which we referred last week, and to which allusion is made by Miss Cochrane, are rented at about four shillings a week, and there is not, as far as we know, any in the village rented lower than half-a-crown a week. In other words, the rents in the open parishes are about four hundred per cent. more than on this particular estate. The cottages that belong to small owners are the worst kept and the most unhealthy. The labourers who inhabit them perform diverse rural tasks. One works at a mill, another collects and sells rabbit skins, a third is a casual labourer and a fourth belongs to the poorest class of jobbing gardener. It will be very interesting to know by what scheme the wages of men like these are going to be raised; and we fear that if the improvement of the cottages depends upon that being done, it will have to be delayed for a long time.

There is a tyranny of numbers as well as of individuals, and the Labour Party, still a very young political body, need warning in regard to their treatment of Messrs. Burt and Fenwick, that they are in danger of letting in a greater evil while trying to expel a less. By a majority which was small compared with the numbers who voted, they have decided that these two members shall either sign the Labour Party Constitution or cease to be supported. Now, it is not too much to say that there are no two Members of Parliament in England more respected than these. They were elected at a time when it was extremely difficult for a representative of Labour to get into the House of Commons, and they conducted themselves in their new position with so much homely dignity and efficiency as to win for themselves the respect of members of all parties. Many of those Labour Members who went to Westminster for the first time at the last General Election would have had little chance of getting in had it not been that Messrs. Burt and Fenwick stood there to show that men from the labouring classes could worthily fill the position of Members of Parliament.

"BUT ONCE A YEAR."

Not with the dizzy frequency of Sundays,
Not with the punctual speed of quarter-days,
Nor like that gay quartette of giddy Mondays
Known as Bank Holidays—
Nay, not as these your advent, Christmas, is it?
But, when you do come—Jove, it is a visit!
Pray understand I am in no way hinting,
I couldn't eat of turkey twice a year,
Serve myself mincemeat with a hand unstinting
Quarterly, minus fear,
Fill a bi-monthly festive stocking, pack a
Christmas card daily, pull a weekly cracker.
These are but trifles. Christmas, we would greet you
Gladly again in August, were this all;
But there is worse, and twice we could not meet you
For this month's caterwaul,
Twice could not bear the nightmare now before us—
Weeks of your "Ark-th-ye-uld-ingels" chorus.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Indefatigable Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has formulated a scheme for encouraging emigration to Canada that ought to find favour in England. His point is that the emigrant from this country does not rough it so well as the American, who, as a rule, is quite content to inhabit a rude hut for a year or two until he has a good start made. The Englishman wants land, but he does not like the wild. Some time ago, when sixteen thousand Canadian small holdings were offered in England, there were no fewer than thirty-five thousand applicants for them, and it is for this class of small holder that the scheme of Sir Thomas is designed. He proposes to build a house for the emigrant, fence his holding, break up part of the soil and sow it, so that he can land in Canada and go to work at once. He estimates that a man who has saved a hundred pounds can take up a holding of this kind, and no doubt there are many in this crowded part of the world who would be not only ready but eager to fall in with the plan, which is further recommended by the immense prosperity enjoyed by Canada during the past twelve months.

At the annual dinner of the Bakewell Farmers' Club, on Monday, the Duke of Devonshire made the interesting statement that he hoped to establish a herd of shorthorns and a stud of Shire horses at Chatsworth. Everybody will be glad to know that as Duke of Devonshire he intends to continue that work of breeding livestock which he carried on so successfully as Mr. Victor Cavendish. It is evident that he is intending in every way to live up to the honourable traditions of the family. The late Duke was too much immersed in politics to give a great deal of attention to the practical side of farming; but a kinder or more considerate landlord was not to be found in Great Britain, and it was ever his wish to make

farmers in his neighbourhood as comfortable and prosperous as they could be. His successor is in the way of carrying on this good work. With him agriculture in its highest branches is a paramount interest, and it may be confidently expected that his influence will be most beneficial to agriculturists generally, and particularly to those who have the good fortune to reside near Chatsworth. The establishment of a Shire stud invariably produces a good effect on the farm cart-horses of the vicinity, partly because it usually helps to provide good sires and partly by its educational value.

If Christmas shops do not look bright and beautiful with the holly berries this year, certainly it will not be from any lack of berries on the trees. We cannot remember ever to have seen them growing more closely. At the same time, and in spite of much sympathy with the adornment of shops in dingy cities, it is not without a pang that we can see the trees ravaged by the pedlars and others who show no sort of discrimination in their attacks. The localities where the holly grows in profusion are very well known to these gentlemen. As a rule these localities are in the most beautiful parts of the country round about London; but after the visits of the holly-cutters a measure of the beauty always has been spoiled, and it is never quite the same again. If only the shopkeepers could be supplied by the owners of the trees, under some arrangement to their mutual advantage, the owners would, of course, take care that the cutting was done in such a manner as not to disfigure the trees, and there is no need that it should disfigure them. But while the trade remains in the hands of the pirates the aesthetic side of the question will not have much attention.

The Christmas turkey is going to cost more this year, as the wet summer was so unfavourable for rearing the pouls. But, strange to say, pheasants on the London market were never more cheap and plentiful. A wet summer is equally unfavourable to the pheasant chicks: the only explanation seems to be that gamekeepers know their business better than turkey-breeders. Not only will the rich man have to pay more for his turkey, but the workman who subscribes to a "goose" club, but nowadays selects a turkey for his money, for the all-sufficient reason that there is "more on it," will also have to pay more. The Italian and Hungarian birds which he buys will be fifty per cent. dearer than they were three and four years ago. From Ireland comes the news of a disastrous season and a shortage of fifteen thousand birds compared with last year. But Normandy will send us many thousands of birds of a type not distinguishable from the Norfolk, save by an expert; and not only from the Eastern Counties, but from the South, the Midlands and the West the turkey will come to London. The trouble and anxiety entailed in rearing a flock of pouls are so grave that the owner will deserve every penny he gets.

Many a poor man will regret the death of Sir Alfred Jones, who was as remarkable for the private kindness he showed to friends in lowly life as he was for the business capacity, energy and resource which he displayed in commercial enterprise. His name is associated among other things with the popularisation of the banana in England. This arose out of his connection with the firm of Elder, Dempster and Co., where he obtained his first employment as a clerk, and of which he had supreme control for about thirty years. When he first began to import bananas there were two difficulties to be overcome—transport and sale by retail trade. It is said that he overcame the latter by engaging a number of costermongers, loading up their barrows from one of his ships, and, saying that he did not want to be paid for the fruit, sending them out to sell it. This was the origin of its popularity. It was he, too, who developed the fruit trade of Jamaica. He was a very public-spirited man, and thoroughly devoted to a sound Imperialism. The creation of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine showed another side of his immense activity.

The obituary of the week contains the name of a man remarkable in a very different way. Mr. George Salting was prominent as a collector. He came into a large fortune from his father and early in middle life had an income of thirty thousand pounds a year. About that time he formed a friendship with Mr. Louis Huth, whose collection of Oriental china was dispersed a few years ago. From Mr. Huth he acquired a taste for porcelain, which was the first object of his collecting activity; but his mind was very receptive and his tastes continually expanded and improved. He bought furniture, and at the Spitzer sale in Paris spent some forty thousand pounds in Renaissance objects. Afterwards he took to pictures, and although he did not acquire any that necessitated the vast outlay which American millionaires do not grudge, his collection became a very valuable one. It is rumoured that his entire collection is

bequeathed to the nation, but that is not known as certain yet. Mr. Salting was very deliberate in his actions and possibly he may have put off signing his will until it was too late. He never married, and had no leaning to philanthropy, so that the State would be a very natural recipient of his treasures.

The Registrar-General in his Seventy-first Annual Report of Births, Deaths and Marriages of England and Wales produces an ingenious speculation to account for the decrease of the marriage-rate. It does not sound very romantic to assert, as he does, that thirty years ago love went up and down with the price of wheat; but before importation began on a great scale, no doubt the septennial average was a fair index to the prosperity of the country. It has ceased to be so because now the price is set by the foreign grower. To-day the Registrar-General thinks a general correspondence can be established between the marriage-rate and the rise and fall of exports, and decrease or increase of employment. It is unpleasant to hear from him that at present there is no prospect of any real check to the decline of the birth-rate, one of the most momentous problems that will have to be dealt with in the future. There is reason for congratulation in the lower death-rate, but it is tempered by the statement in the Report that the wastage in child life is excessive in many manufacturing and mining districts, the loss in such areas amounting to from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the children in their first year. Thus it would appear that neither are the proper proportion of children born, nor do those that come into the world receive adequate care.

NUIT BLANCHE.

Forth from the gate of birth,
Out of the hush of night,
Our Lady of Silence stepped
Down to the sleeping earth;
And the sombre world grew white
Where the fringe of her mantle swept.

ANGELA GORDON.

Lord Alverstone, presiding at the forty-fourth dinner, held on December 2nd at the Trocadero Restaurant, of the London Athletic Club, drew attention in his speech to the great advance, both "in style and stamina," in most kinds of athletic sports in recent times, but pointed out one certainly very remarkable exception. This is the high-jumping. He observed that there had been no real advance on the record set long ago, and that he was at a loss to divine the reason. It is certain that there is no other form of athletic performance which shows anything like the same anomaly. We have Mr. Marshall Brooks at Oxford achieving, as an undergraduate, the very astonishing jump of six feet three inches (we believe this to have been his record in practice) away back in the seventies. They have been high-jumping at the Universities ever since, yet they have not only failed to equal this, but they have never come near it. The ordinary winning jump is about five feet six inches—an extraordinary difference. Now and again we hear of a jump—in America, maybe, where their athletes work much harder at their sports than we do—of something like the height that Mr. Brooks cleared, but, as Lord Alverstone says, there is nowhere even a claim of any real advance. It remains the greatest anomaly that sport has to show us.

A very remarkable "find" was reported at a meeting held a few days ago of the Hampstead Board of Guardians. The relieving officer stated that at the residence of an aged person, whom they had been requested to place in an asylum, but who had died in his own house, the Guardians declining to take action on the ground of a difference in the medical opinion as to his state of mind, had been found secreted valuables, money and scrip, amounting to a great sum. There were twelve thousand pounds in Consols and a bag of fifty sovereigns. Even this, though more considerable in value, is hardly more remarkable than the landed property to which the Romford Urban District Council recently seems to have become entitled, consisting of two "parcels" of land of which no owner or owners can be found. They announce that the land will be disposed of to cover road-making and other expenses to which, presumably, it has fallen liable under the rates.

It must be a great pleasure to any who are fond of flowers and the garden, and are gratified to find signs of a generally increased appreciation of the beautiful things of Nature, to see the report, read at the annual meeting, held last week, of the National Rose Society. During the past year under review no less than nine hundred new members have joined the society. This is a larger accession than in any former year. The report further stated that within the last four years the membership had more than doubled and at the present time amounts to three

thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven. The Dean Hole medal was awarded to the Rev. J. H. Pemberton. The Rev. F. Page Roberts, who was in the chair at the meeting under notice, was appointed president for next year, when exhibitions will be held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on July 8th, and in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on September 4th. Neither date nor place for the provincial show has yet been determined, country towns in such different districts as Dunfermline, Salisbury and Ipswich being among those suggested.

That the future of county cricket is giving more than a little anxiety to those who are interested in the national game is sufficiently shown by the various suggestions in the air for its better security. Unfortunately, none of them seems to solve the problem at all adequately. We think that most reasonable men will be in agreement with the view of Mr. F. E. Lacey, that the

proposed "pooling" of the receipts, so as to allow the counties in which the "gates" are poor to benefit at the expense of those in which the "gates" are rich, would not work out to the general satisfaction. No doubt it would satisfy the poor counties, but how about the rich? It is to be feared that though the scheme might commend itself to members of the Fabian Society, we have not at present advanced far enough along the path of the nationalisation of cricket to make it practicable. Certainly, it would be a happy solution if expenses could be reduced by more amateurs and fewer professionals representing the counties. That, however, is something of a counsel of perfection. It is very good, in the midst of the general, and not unwarranted, lamentation over the condition of county cricket, to read the brave and optimistic words of Mr. F. S. Jackson about the spread of cricket from the Imperial point of view. His vision of eleven "Ranjis" is entrancing—for all except the bowlers.

TRIANGLE ISLAND, B.C.

By WARBURTON PIKE.

FROM Cape Scott, the north-western extremity of Vancouver Island, an irregular line of islands and detached rocks stretches for a distance of thirty miles into the North Pacific Ocean. These islands are very little known, as so far they have been quite clear of any commercial route, and, with the exception of an occasional halibut-fishing schooner, no vessel has had any reason for visiting them. They lie, moreover, in dangerous and only partially-surveyed waters, where strong tide-races break up the swell of the ocean and sudden storms of great fury are frequent. There are no safe anchorages, and as none of the islands appears to possess any commercial value, they are likely to remain undisturbed for many years to come. The Admiralty charts and the Pilot's Handbook are not enthusiastic about the group, proffering only the advice that no vessel should approach them closely and marking many spots as dangerous for boats and small vessels.

The object of our expedition in June of the present year was to examine into the nesting habits of the various ocean birds that were reported to breed on these islands in great quantities; and, of course, Triangle Island, lying at the furthest distance off

shore and being the least accessible, became the centre of attraction. There were many difficulties in the way of getting there; but we fortunately fell in with two excellent Danes at Cape Scott who owned a small sailing-boat and were willing to take us to Triangle Island and return for us in a couple of weeks, more, I think, for the love of the adventure than for the very moderate sum suggested by way of reward. Neither of them had ever been to the island before, so we were all equally ignorant as to the chances of being able to land under unfavourable weather conditions.

The outward journey was made very comfortably with a light, fair wind, and an easy landing was effected on the north-east side of the island, where we found a good stream of water and a great abundance of driftwood. The Danes left us the same night, as there was evidently no shelter in case of a change of wind. The first view of Triangle Island gives one the impression that it is covered with short grass of a brilliant green colour, and that the high land is as easy to travel over as the South Downs along the English Channel; but a closer inspection reveals a dense growth of stunted brush, mostly salmon-berry and salile, with a little scrub crab-apple, growing to a height of



SEA-LION CUBS.

three or four feet, and making speedy walking impossible. The cliffs are rocky and precipitous in places, but for the most part are quite accessible and covered with long grass and fern, among which grow many of the common coast flowers, the red columbine being most conspicuous at the time of our visit. There is an entire absence of trees, in marked contrast to the dense growth of scrub timber on the other islands of the group, and, indeed, on nearly all the islands of the seaboard of British Columbia. The actual coast-line is rough and wild in the extreme. The points run out a long way from the main island in isolated pinnacles and high bluffs of fantastic shape, while caves and underground sea passages are of common occurrence. The prevailing ocean swell from the south-west breaks heavily and with marked results along the western side of the island, but is more moderate on the eastern side, except during east and north gales. The shape of the island is that of an ill-made starfish. On the south-west corner is a long promontory connected with the main island by a low, narrow neck, over which the sea breaks in heavy weather. The island is about a mile in length, and rises to a height of six hundred and eighty feet. On the highest point it is now proposed to establish a lighthouse and wireless telegraphy station, presumably in

(*Uria troile californica*), but not approaching in quantity to the number of birds to be seen on the guillemots' nesting cliffs in England or Scotland. The pigeon guillemot (*Cephus columba*), indistinguishable from the English black guillemot, was rather scarce; but the cormorant (*Phalacrocorax pelagicus robustus*) was abundant, nesting together in fairly accessible places, mostly on the outlying rocks. The glaucous-winged gull (*Larus glaucescens*) was the only one of its family nesting on the island, and not particularly numerous; but oyster-catchers were plentiful enough, nesting on every beach, and keeping up a perpetual clamour.

Of the predatory birds which make an easy living on the puffins and auklets, we found a few pair of white-headed eagles, two pair of falcons and a family of ravens. There were no wildfowl of any kind except a few harlequin ducks and common scoters, evidently non-breeding birds. Small land-birds were unexpectedly plentiful, as the thick brush and long grass on the higher levels afford an excellent nesting-ground. There were two species of sparrow, the painted thrush, a small warbler and a wren. Another unexpected sight was a flock of crossbills; but as there is no timber on the island suitable to their nesting habits, we concluded that they were simply visitors from some



OCEAN SWELL ON THE WEST SIDE OF TRIANGLE ISLAND.

anticipation of the traffic which is expected to arise with the growth of Prince Rupert, the terminus of the new Trans-Continental Railway, now under construction.

With regard to the birds, there was a certain amount of disappointment in the fact that we were unable to discover anything of great rarity. The island is well suited to the sea-birds, which lay their eggs in holes in the ground; but these birds have a taste for forming colonies of their own species on separate islands. Thus the burrowing grounds of Triangle Island, which extend over its whole surface, are occupied by two species only—the crested puffin (*Lunda cirrhata*) and Cassin's auklet (*Ptychoramphus aleuticus*), both of which are present in almost incredible numbers. The lower slopes beginning from the beach-level have been taken possession of by the auklets, the puffin burrows beginning at an elevation of one hundred feet, and continuing to the tops of the sloping cliffs. The top of the island is again taken up by the auklets, as the puffins seem to dislike level ground. In the many holes which we dug out in various parts of the island, no other burrowing bird was discovered. Of the other sea-birds which breed in the cliffs and on the beaches, the most plentiful was the Californian murre

of the neighbouring islands. With regard to the actual numbers of the puffins and auklets, a conservative estimate, formed by taking the number of holes to the acre and the total acreage of the island, gave the result that there were half a million of each of these two species on an island roughly three miles in circumference. When the other fish-eating birds are taken into consideration, and also the large herds of hair-seals and sea-lions, the weight of the daily supply of fish yielded by the ocean for this one island must be enormous.

There are two main resorts for the sea-lions on outlying rocks, one on the east and one on the west side of the island; but the young cubs, which were about a couple of weeks old at the time of our visit, are left unattended throughout the day on the shingle beaches of the main island. Here they lie absolutely defenceless in a death-like stupor, but luckily without any natural enemies. By standing to windward of them and poking them freely with a stick, you can rouse them sufficiently to bellow and finally to take to the water; but they are inexpert in the breakers, and are evidently not allowed to frequent the outlying rocks, over which the surf breaks with violence, during the first few weeks of life.



A HERD OF HAIR-SEALS.



SEA-LIONS.

Among the piles of drift logs with which every beach is encumbered, there is much evidence of the strength of the Japan current in the form of strange woods from China and Japan mixed with the cedar, fir and hemlock of native growth. There is also much wreckage, but we saw no indication that any vessel had been actually cast away on the island, the most ominous sign being a piece of ironwork from a derrick weighing several hundred pounds. There were a good many ragged stumps of spars, pieces of painted woodwork and boats' oars, besides a large red buoy bearing the United States Government brand, torn from its moorings on some shoal off the coast of Oregon or Washington, a barrel of pitch from Hull and a great number of beams studded with rusty iron bolts, and very suggestive of tragedies at sea.

During our stay of fourteen days on the island, the weather was frightful, especially for the middle of summer. We had three south-east gales of great violence, always accompanied and succeeded by a heavy downpour of rain. At the beginning of the last gale our Danes appeared and anchored their boat in the best shelter available behind a reef of rocks which broke the swell at low water, but failed to give much protection at high tide. Half a mile to leeward was another ledge exposed to the full force of

the storm, and unavoidable if the cables parted or the anchors dragged. In this position they lay for two days, labouring heavily, with the spin-drift driving over the boat in sheets and without communication with the shore on account of the heavy surf on the beach. On the third morning the wind fell, and we were able to launch our boat from the beach and reach the little vessel, but our passage to the mainland gave us a good idea of what these waters might be like in a winter storm. There was still a heavy swell from the south and a strong north-east wind made our course a close haul. Fortunately the tides were at their slackest, as our boat would, I think, have been overwhelmed in some of the races if the spring tides had been running at their full strength. As it was, our decks were never clear of water; we reefed, and then double-reefed the main-sail, but were smothered by the swell from leeward and, of course, in the races water poured on board from every side. The little boat behaved wonderfully well, and as we neared the mainland the wind died out to a calm; then it came again from the south-west, and we made a good run in front of it till we entered a land-locked lagoon, about seven miles to the south of Cape Scott, just as darkness was beginning to settle down upon the ocean.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

HEREDITY IN FARM ANIMALS.

THAT venerable institution, the Farmers' Club, has seemed, during the last few years, to have taken a new lease of life, and, although it is not a very active body on the practical side of agriculture or in agricultural politics, it often does excellent work in an educational sense by discussing subjects from the scientific point of

this they adhere, in spite of repeated disappointments. Mr. Wood points out that if the saying were strictly true improvement by selection would be impossible. Two animals of exactly similar character are well known frequently to produce offspring unlike either of their parents, and this is called "variation." "The occurrence of variation," says Mr. Wood, "is of the greatest importance, for without it



Miss V. Onslow.

HAYMAKING AT A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

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view. Seldom has a paper been read before its members of more importance or greater interest than that which Mr. T. B. Wood presented on December 6th on "Heredity in Farm Animals." The subject is one not easily brought down to the level of ordinary and uninstructed minds, involving as it does deep questions of physiology far beyond the grasp of the ordinary farmer. Yet Mr. Wood was able to make himself fairly well understood by at least a portion of his audience, though it was not to be expected that a discussion of much scientific value would follow. The best use of such a paper is that of setting people thinking, and if only one or two of such an audience can be led to study for himself the laws which govern heredity, the scientific lecturer may congratulate himself on having done good work.

"The good old rule, the simple plan," which signifies the sum total of the theoretic attainments of the general run of pedigree breeders, is that of selecting a sire of personal excellence in the hope that his produce will be similar to himself. Their faith is pinned to the adage that "like begets like," and to

selection would be obviously impossible." The laws of variation having been carefully studied and found to be so definite as to be capable of being stated in words, Mr. Wood proceeds as follows: "The chance of any given variation occurring is greater the nearer it is to the normal type, and becomes less as the variation departs further from the normal type. To give a concrete instance. Suppose the normal average weight of the fleece of a Suffolk lamb, one year old, is 8lb., and suppose we weigh the fleeces from one hundred such pure-bred lambs, we shall find that the great majority have fleeces weighing between 7lb. and 9lb. There will, however, be a considerable number between 6lb. and 7lb. and between 9lb. and 10lb., and there may be a few under 6lb. and over 10lb. There may even be one or two with fleeces weighing under 5lb. or over 11lb., but we should probably have to examine far more to find fleeces weighing as much as 12lb. In other words, if we wish to find an animal varying widely from the type in any given character, we must examine a very large number of animals. . . . The larger the number of animals examined, the more

likely we are to find wide variation from the type." Variations may be either mere "fluctuations" or "mutations," and, as I understand Mr. Wood, in order to effect a permanent impression on a breed we must find an animal in the breeding of which mutation has taken place. Fluctuations may be merely the result of accident or environment, while mutation represents a fundamental and permanent change which is hereditary. This brings us to think of what has many times happened in the evolution or building up of new breeds. Thousands of sires are used in the process, but we know that the influence of one alone has proved greater in fixing the type of the new breed than all the rest put together. Here is a case of what is known as mutation, and it indicates the reason why the best sires often produce inferior stock, their merits being due not to mutation, but to fluctuation only. Occasionally a bull appears of such wonderful prepotency that all his stock are of uniform character and many of them superior in some respects to the animal himself. I once had the fortune to possess a bull of which this would be a perfectly true description. In fact, he was far from being a "show" bull, being very plain behind the shoulders; but not one of his calves showed that defect and several won prizes. Moreover, all his stock were blood red in colour, no matter what was the colour of the dams. Such cases as this are very rare, and would doubtless be classed by Mr. Wood as "mutations." Science may be able in due time to tell us how to find what we want with mathematical certainty; but at present the would-be improver of a breed is in the position of a man dipping his hand into a bag full of snakes with only one eel among them. True, he may find the eel, but the chances are sadly against him.

A. T. M.

COMPETITION IN THE NORTH FOR FARMS.

IN spite of the low price of sheep, and a succession of somewhat unfavourable seasons from a weather point of view, the demand for land in the North is keen. The number of farms requiring new tenants this season has been comparatively small, and they have come into the market largely as a result of "stepping up." Very frequently the termination of one tenancy involves two or three changes in other farms. A five or six hundred acre holding becomes vacant from some cause or other, and it is taken by a tenant who, at present, occupies four hundred acres. His place is filled by a two hundred and fifty acre man, who, again, is followed by the holder of eighty or one hundred acres. Without encroaching on the domain of the politician I may adduce this circumstance in support of the policy of leasing, or renting, as opposed to that of purchase, in the matter of small holdings. The small farmer in the North has ever the hope within him that he may be enabled, some day, to move or to a larger holding, and eventually to a big farm. This is the goal he strives for, and the gaining of which justifies the years of strenuous labour and hard living which have gone before. It has been not uncommon this autumn to have from ten to fifteen applicants for a farm of moderate size; some of these applicants are men who already hold land and are desirous of acquiring a larger area, but many of them are farm-workers, country butchers, blacksmiths and the like, who, having made a bit of money, aspire to the dignity which the tenancy of a farm brings. At the present moment I know of a dozen men of the class last mentioned within quite a small area, all of whom are anxious to obtain land, and it is mainly the demand from this source which gives rise to the keen competition now existing. And it is probable that the demand from this quarter will continue, for there are many families of farm-workers who have incomes ranging from £150 to £200 a year, a considerable proportion of which is put into the bank against the day when they will begin to sow and reap their own crops on their own farms. In the Border Country, the small holding of fifty acres, or less, is of comparatively little use, except in the neighbourhood of a large population, or where outside carting work can be obtained. To be fully self-supporting a farm needs to be about one hundred acres in size, so as to allow of a pair of horses being constantly employed, and a fair head of sheep and cattle carried in the summer. Such a farm can be taken in hand with a capital of £350 or £400, and a fair living can be made out of it. The same amount of capital would only buy about eight to ten acres of bare land, with no house or steading upon it. If ownership were the objective, the tenant of five hundred acres, with £2,500 invested in it, would be reduced to the level of a small holder of fifty acres, and would be tied to it much more firmly than he is now to his rented holding.

J. C.

THE BLUE BIRD.

MAETERLINCK'S fantasy, "The Blue Bird," is at once a dramatised fairy-story and a piece of symbolism. Here there is no conflict, for folklore is symbolism and symbolism is folklore. The primitives and the moderns meet on this common ground. The child likes his stories to begin with "once upon a time," and to end with a moral. The old man, who tells tales in a corner, delights to show, by an apologue, the path of safety and happiness. Thus the youth and age of the world join hands. The poet who in the far-away infancy of things amused the women of the camp while the hunters trapped the bear and slew the wolf, invented the same stories and tricked them out with the same symbolic fancy as are fashionable to-day. M. Maeterlinck and Ibsen in his dramas of poesy are far nearer to the dim age of folklore than to any age that has intervened. Only they are perplexed by a self-consciousness of which the earliest artists knew nothing.

"The Blue Bird," then, is a fairy-story, intricated with a quiet, benign philosophy. Tyltyl and Mytyl, the two children who go forth, in a dream, to find the blue bird, the symbol of happiness, discover it at last in the cage that hangs by the cottage window. Thus we are taught to look at home and within for our good fortune. And the diamond, which Tyltyl wears in his hat, and a turn of which shows to the wearer things as they are, is contrived in the best manner of the fairy-story, and reveals at the same time a philosophic truth. For those who have eyes to see, all things are far better than they appear to the common vision. There are no stones that are not precious; there is nothing inanimate that has not a soul. Bread, sugar, water, fire, the dog and the cat have each an essential soul, which the diamond of understanding shall discover. Here we are reminded of Plato's ideal world. Here, we thought, as the grotesque figures of sugar, bread and the rest moved across the stage, are those perfect representatives, which Socrates told us are to be found only in the realm of ideas.

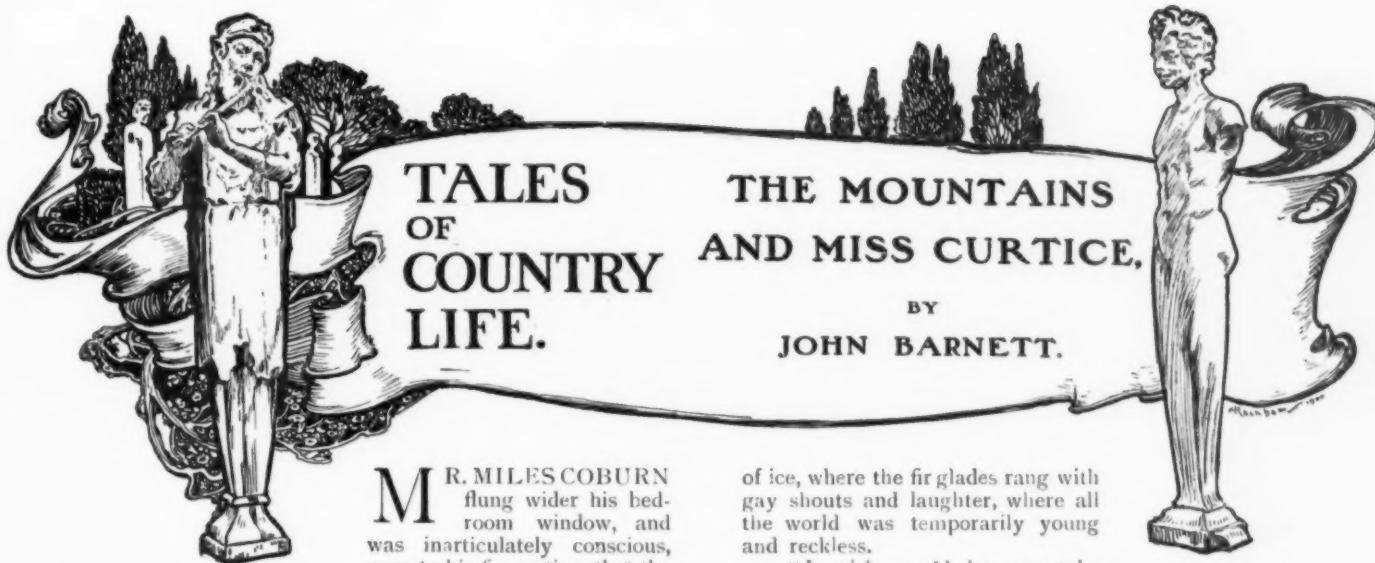
At each step in M. Maeterlinck's fantasy we are asked to think as well as to see. Tyltyl and Mytyl, wandering in the Land of Memory, afford a new, and beautiful, solution of the mystery of death. They are not dead, the old gaffer and gamm'r; they do not know the meaning of the word. They sleep in peace, and awake only to their old life when someone thinks of them. Their thoughts and wishes are the same as they were on earth. The same cabbage soup, the same plum tart which they ate in the waking world, are set upon the table in this far-off Land. They do but live again in the thoughts of others. But the blue bird is not in the Land of Memory. Though for a moment the bird seems blue which the gaffer gives them, he turns black when Tyltyl carries him out into another world. Nor is it in the forest that the blue bird may be found—the forest where dwell the spirits of the trees and all the animals, who look upon man as their determined enemy. Herein is symbolised the eternal war which is waged between Nature and Man, an elemental truth which has rarely been given a more finely whimsical interpretation.

Then the children seek for the blue bird in the Kingdom of the Past, watching at midnight among the graves. And at the hour when the dead leave their narrow resting-places Tyltyl and his sister see nothing but rows of lilies, and once more the truth is revealed to them, that there are no dead. Thus, at each stage of the journey, you may surprise the truth, and when at last the children come home again, behold the Fairy was none other than Neighbour Beringot, and there was the blue bird securely in its cage. With a dainty humour which is rare in his works, with the delicate fancy which never deserts him, M. Maeterlinck has made his simple story the vehicle of many human sentiments and many profound thoughts. He shows us the souls of common things so clearly that we believe in every one of them. Nothing could be better devised than his Bread, a bluff, commonplace, accommodating old gentleman, with a love of flatulent oratory and a perfect willingness to feed those who accompanied him with slices ripped from his own protruding belly. How ingenious, too, is the lachrymose Water, and the honeyed Sugar, always ready to break off his fingers for anyone who has a taste for harley-sugar. We are dissatisfied only with his Dog and Cat. The Dog, as we know him, is not so basely obedient as Tyltyl of M. Maeterlinck, nor the Cat so selfishly independent and devoid of affection as his Tylette.

Yet how shall this gossamer fancy be placed solidly upon the stage? We confess that we would rather read it than see it performed. The poet's own stage directions, perfect in their simplicity, cannot but assume a certain heaviness when they are interpreted by the dances of children imperfectly drilled. Moreover, there is a ghostly element, such as once would have been called *macabre*, which assorts very ill with the theatre. We are shown too much or not enough. The thought of the play, which should engross our mind, is confused by the motley shapes which cross and re-cross the stage. Is it not like breaking a butterfly on a wheel? The spectacle of a strenuous skeleton scampering up and down in a dance of distressingly active merriment appals us, and it is difficult to comprehend how the several gruesome scenes should be understood and laughed over by a child, or that grown men and women should take delight in the superfluous dances. The fault is not with the actors, who, especially Mr. Norman Page as the Cat, and Mr. Edward Rigby as Bread, did what was asked of them admirably. The fault is with the art of the theatre, an art too solid, too elaborate for the interpretation of philosophy and of fairyland. More than once, in forgetfulness of M. Maeterlinck's philosophy, we thought that we were at Drury Lane and that the pantomime was not so rigidly disciplined as usual. Yet we could not seem ungracious. Though "The Blue Bird" is better fitted for the study than the stage, we are grateful to Mr. Trench for having made an interesting experiment. Perhaps it should not be expressed in three dimensions at all; but if it is to be thus expressed, it could not be more intelligently done than at the Haymarket Theatre.



W. Reid. "I COULD FETTLE AND CLUMP OWD BOOTS AND SHOES WI' THE BEST ON 'EM ALL." Copyright.



MR. MILES COBURN flung wider his bedroom window, and was inarticulately conscious, even to his finger-tips, that the world was very good. He was a large and robust young man, given to golf and football and not in the least addicted to poetry; but that December morning the view that persistently lured his eyes from his toilet appeared of greater import even than—the dulness of his razor. His hotel was perched upon the steep hill-side three thousand feet above the sea; but at the moment he was not looking down into the wonderful violet mists of the valley. He was following with his eyes the narrow road that zigzagged steeply to the hilltop four thousand feet above him. The brigades of fir trees through which it climbed were cloaked with a fleecy whiteness of a virginity scarcely to be imagined in dingy England; the sky was a delicate, unclouded blue, and a marvellously golden sun was just peeping over the long range of towering peaks. Those peaks with one exception were shrouded with white and stainless snow. Even as Mr. Coburn looked at the one bare crag of grey stone, it flashed to a vivid brilliant yellow beneath the sun. And—

"I'm not half sorry I came out to Switzerland!" muttered Mr. Coburn, buttoning his collar. "By gad! I wonder—I wonder if she'll be kinder out here? It—it is certainly possible!"

It certainly was. "She"—her name was Di Curtice—had consistently failed, at home in England, to show a due appreciation of Mr. Coburn's almost dumb but most untiring worship. She liked him, but she was not disposed "to merge her individuality into that of any man." I quote her own thoughts, which had, mercifully, never been put into words in poor Mr. Coburn's hearing. But he *did* wish, very often and very fervently, that Di were not so—so confoundedly intellectual! He was privately of opinion that Di was much too pretty to need to be clever—a Philistine view which might or might not have pleased the earnest, but very human, Miss Curtice. It would have depended upon her mood at the moment.

He found her with the rest of their party at *petit déjeuner* beside a window which looked sheer down into the valley—a huge cavern filled with blue vaporous shadows, and ringed round by a close hedge of hazy mountain crags. In their centre the Dents Du Midi rose superbly, like an unchallenged champion. The hollows of their swelling snowy flanks were filled with purple shadows, that turned to glowing pools of light as the bright sun crept upon his path. The gaunt firs that clothed them were lessened by the distance until they seemed mere bristles of low bush. Far below across the misty valley a stately river crawled. And ever, as the sun gained in power, the world grew cleaner in the cutting, more brilliant, more superb.

Miss Curtice neglected her bodily needs in her unfeigned enthusiasm for these trifles; but Miles Coburn, in the intervals between applying himself with a certain steadfastness to coffee and rolls and mountain honey, was not concerned with mere views. He was thinking how delightfully fresh Di looked in the morning, and—and what a lucky devil the man would be who would have the rare privilege of beholding her every day at breakfast! He was convinced that that privilege would never lose its charm. (I must implore your indulgent tolerance for poor Mr. Coburn. A young man at certain crises in his life will have these dreadfully inane thoughts! In time he learns to marvel at the memory of them himself.)

Afterwards they sallied forth in a body, through the dry, crisp air that was an intoxicating revelation to people accustomed to the chill damp of an English winter, and procured luges at the little village shop. I have heard it whispered that the hire of luges is the one cheap thing in Switzerland, where the wily native thanks heaven constantly for the English geese that lay such golden eggs. . . . And then the steep, thronged hill-side called them, where the track was worn to the consistency

of ice, where the fir glades rang with gay shouts and laughter, where all the world was temporarily young and reckless.

"I wish you'd let me take you down!" pleaded Mr. Coburn, rather gaspingly, half-an-hour later, as he reached the top of the track dragging at least three luges behind him. There was much snow upon his garments, which seemed to hint that Miles had not yet entirely mastered the sharp bends of the track.

But in that he was by no means unique. Many people were falling about, and somehow there was a subtle charm in knowing that a bad blunder would send you flying among the pines that clung bristling to the steep slope that fell beside the run. English folk demand a small spice of danger in their amusements, as Adam Lindsay Gordon sang so eloquently, but, in some inexplicable fashion, no one seemed to hurt themselves badly. Perhaps there was a kindly god abroad and watchful, a deity in genial sympathy with fresh air, gay laughter and good temper, who saw to it that somehow all should be well.

"Of course you may, if you like to try," Di answered, graciously, but there was a twinkle in her eye that took note of the snow upon Mr. Coburn's clothes and put him upon his mettle. Her own garments were still flawless. . . . She sat down upon the front of a luge, Miles took his place behind her, and they were off.

And then—and then, oh! the wind and the flung snow whipped keenly at their faces, and the winding track reeled out before their eyes like gleaming silver, and the luge gathered pace beneath them in smooth swishing leaps. They were upon the first bend, and they took it at full speed, rocking round it upon one runner without accident. Miles Coburn sent up a wordless prayer of gratitude to his gods; but, as the snow banks and the firs whirled past, he was aware of the double curve before them, in the shape of a huge S. He knew that he must brake, and sharply, if he would get round without a spill. And he strove to brake, but—but, it may be that he alone was to blame, as Miss Curtice said afterwards, or it may be that he was at cross purposes with his partner, as he himself secretly thought, but was too wise to say—at the least, disaster came. The first curve they mastered, but at the second—the runners side-slipped badly, there was a masculine ejaculation and a small feminine scream, and man and maid described a masterly somersault amid a whirl of skirts and flying snow! Miles Coburn picked himself up, ejected some superfluous snow from his mouth, and helped his partner to her feet with the mien of a convicted felon. And he proceeded to abase himself, as was his clear and bounden duty. But Miss Curtice only frowned for a moment. Then she laughed merrily. "Now we will go up again," she ordained. "And I will see if I can steer you down without a spill!"

And it has to be recorded that she performed the feat in triumph, either through luck or by the aid of natural skill. And then she proceeded, quite kindly, to point out the mistakes that Miles had made in the course of his disastrous failure. When she had finished and had swished away with another partner, Miles Coburn sat down upon a pile of logs, lit his pipe and found himself wishing that death had claimed him when still a happy, thoughtless child. But in a little while I am proud to say that he turned from such depressing and incongruous regrets. Even a lover, licensed to folly, could not for long be gloomy in so bright and clean a world. The sunlight fell in glorious sheets of cool silver and yellow gold upon the crisp, white surface of the snow. The hillside faced southward and there was no wind at all. The temperature was well below freezing-point, and yet, even in the shadow of the firs, it was not cold. On either side of the mountain-road were ranked the pines, in trooping, uncounted thousands, from small dwarf Christmas-trees to straight, gnarled, big-girthed giants. The air was aromatic with their spicy fragrance,

and one looked through the vistas of their straight trunks into a blue and purple haze. They stood silently beneath their soft, fleecy load and seemed broodingly aloof from the laughter of these queer humans at their odd play. But it was the sunshine, the living gold of the sunshine under the perfect blue of the sky, that was most wonderful, that even availed to witch away the blackness of Miles Coburn's lover-like depression!

It was three days later, three sunny days of luging and skating and skiing, rounded off by magic sunsets that turned the mountains into huge, glowing opals, when Miss Curtice announced to him the great and adventurous resolve that she had formed. It was Christmas night, and many and exhausting and childish games had been played in the great dining-room, and the French visitors at the hotel had learned with wonder that English folk abroad can sometimes throw aside their cherished tradition of stiffness. Di was resting in a corner, after an uproarious game of Blind Man's Buff, ostensibly played for the sake of the children, but in reality enjoyed by all, when Miles Coburn joined her.

"What do you think I am going to do to-morrow, Mr. Coburn?" she asked. "I am going to get up at a horribly early hour and climb the mountain to the right behind the hotel!"

Mr. Coburn's usually dormant imagination rose to the occasion nobly.

"By Jove! it is the very thing I have been longing to do myself!" he exclaimed, mendaciously. "Would you very much mind—may I—come with you?"

Miss Curtice shook her head.

"No—thanks very much—but I am bent on going all alone—quite alone," she answered. "I want to have all the joys of a solitary pioneer!"

Miles's ingenuous face had fallen.

"Won't it be—rather dangerous?" he asked. "People don't often climb mountains in winter. How will you find the way, and what about—er—avalanches?"

"I shall be all right," Miss Curtice answered, with fine decisive confidence. "I have been talking to Monsieur about it. It is only eight thousand feet, and the way is perfectly simple. As for avalanches—that is why I am starting so early. It is only when the sun is strong, about midday, that they are dangerous."

"I heard one the other day," Miles said, dubiously. "And it did not sound very pleasant."

"Well, I'm not a bit afraid," Di said. "Now mind, you are not to dream of following me! You had better borrow a telescope about ten to-morrow morning, and look out for me on the top!"

"Yes, I daresay I shall look out for you," Miles said, thoughtfully, and then they were summoned to take part in a game of weird and bewildering complications.

The sun had not yet topped the mountains when Miss Curtice emerged from the hotel next morning. The world looked rather grey and sombre, and there was a keen bite in the crisp air, and from the very start she was conscious of the thrill of adventure. With a borrowed alpenstock in her hand and a parcel of chocolate and sandwiches in her pocket, she climbed stoutly past the few trim yellow chalets and up the zigzags of the road. But a huge, rather sinister-looking St. Bernard appeared suddenly, apparently from nowhere, and strode beside her for a while in the gloomy half-light, and, although she spoke to him with well-feigned courage, that was the first shock that her nerves received. Yet when she left the road and struck to the right, along a rough snowy track past a lonely farm, the sun leaped suddenly, a triumphant victor in a flashing golden helm, above the mountain tops, and the sky was blue and heartening once more, and Di was glad that she had come. Then she entered a broad, black belt of pines that clung upon the mountain's flank, and the air was chill and dark again, and she must plough upwards through untrdden snow a foot or more in depth. It was very heavy going, the roots kept catching her feet, she slipped back six inches for every foot that she made, and—and glancing furtively about her through the dark trunks of the pines it was impossible to repress the quite absurd thought that wolves would not be out of place in such a scene. She told herself strenuously that wolves were unknown in Switzerland; nevertheless, she started unpleasantly when the bark of a dog floated up from the village far below. But she did not lack courage, and she encountered no wolves, of course, and in due time she emerged from the pines upon a huge, steep slope of untrdden snow that glinted blindingly like a million diamonds in the sun.

And here Miss Curtice made her first blunder, forgetting or ignoring the directions she had received. She should have turned to the right and mounted the easy shoulder that would have led her without undue risk or exertion to the crest. Instead, she chose what appeared to be the direct route and began to scramble straight up the great swelling breast that towered before her. And the snow was hard and very slippery, and the gradient

was exceedingly sharp, so that in a while she was advancing almost upon her hands and knees. And when she paused to rest and glanced behind her, the steep depths into which she looked gave her quite an ugly qualm, since she was entirely unused to heights. She turned away promptly and looked above her once more, and then, quite without warning, the huge, cold, white mountain seemed to take hold of her, chilling her heart with fear.

She had never dreamed that anything could be so big and stately and menacing and still. She was afraid, although she knew not why. The mountains threatened her, mocked at her puny strength and her utter loneliness. She did not know what they threatened, but the very vagueness of her fear was horrible. . . . She felt like crying, she longed to turn back, to return to friendly voices and human company. What she actually did was to set her teeth and face the grim ascent once more. But now all the pleasure was gone from her adventure, and she was only persevering lest she should lose her self-respect.

Now the rest of her climb need not be told at length, although she passed without knowing it through certain rather ugly perils, and overcame definite difficulties. She had set her heart upon reaching a distant rocky cleft, that appeared to open a clear way to the summit. Yet when she reached it she found that the rocks were ice-covered and slippery, and afforded most precarious foot and hand hold. She climbed a certain distance up them to a point whence higher progress was manifestly impossible; indeed, in an attempt to advance she lost her footing and only saved herself by a despairing clutch. And the nearness of her escape drove the blood from her heart. Then she tried to descend, and made the far from original discovery that, upon slippery rock, it is sometimes simple enough to climb upward, but to climb down is quite another matter. Miss Curtice was balanced upon a narrow ledge, with an ugly drop beneath her, and it appeared to her highly probable that upon that ledge she must remain. In that hour she wished fervently that she had not refused Miles Coburn's company, and somehow even the thought of him in those wilds was solid and comfortable. But her feet were wet and cold, and her hands were cut through her gloves, and the mountains were more threatening than ever. And she remembered that very soon the avalanches were to be expected. I think it is not surprising that Miss Curtice, despite her strength of mind, turned her face to the rocks and began to cry. . . .

And then quite suddenly she heard a voice, an apologetical male voice. It said:

"I say, do you mind very much my having followed you? If you do, I'll go another way."

Miss Curtice turned a tear-stained but joyous face and looked down upon a Miles Coburn expectant of chastisement.

"Mind?" she cried; "I was never so delighted to see anyone in my life."

The young man she addressed with those surprising words was conscious of a mad desire to dance fandangos, although his own footing was far from secure.

"I'm glad I came," he said, simply. "But—is anything the matter?"

"I can't get up or down," Miss Curtice explained. "I began to think I should have to spend all day up here, and—oh, Miles!—perhaps all night too!"

She was quite unconscious of having used his Christian name; but when Mr. Coburn, flushed with warm joy, answered, rather hoarsely, "It's all right, Di; hold on, and I'll be up beside you in a jiffy," her feminine instinct was awake and in arms at once.

"I'm—I'm most glad to see you, Mr. Coburn," she said; "but I never gave you leave to use my Christian name."

"Didn't you?" answered poor Miles, dashed in a moment. "But—but you used mine, you know."

She stared down at him, and then her eyes began to twinkle.

"Did I?" she asked; "did I, really? Well, get me down from here, for goodness sake, and I—I will apologise for the liberty!"

And I have reason to believe that she did so, in one form or another, even to the satisfaction of the exacting Mr. Coburn.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE quaint, old flagged courtyard was completely surrounded by the wings and outbuildings of an ancient and rambling house. The mellow, red-brick walls were gay with the odorous blossoms of jessamine and clematis through which bees hummed contentedly. Outside the June sun was blazing down mercilessly, but here it was cool and pleasant. In the large and comfortable kitchen which bounded the south side of the yard, with its roomy cupboards, capacious dresser and beeswaxed "Grandfather's chairs," sat a freckled boy of thirteen. He was hurriedly bolting a lunch of

bread and cheese, for it was market day, and Uncle George—not at any time remarkable for his amiability—would rate him soundly should there happen to be a sudden influx of customers to the shop, and he not be there to serve the country wives with their half-pounds of tea, and the husbands with their weekly allowance of shag tobacco. From the market square floated in the dull droning of many voices, mingled with the peevish squealing of pigs, irritated into noisy protest by the prodding sticks of prospective buyers.

Aunt Eliza was busy rolling the paste for the pie which was to grace the board at the midday dinner, for Monday generally brought some country connections to enjoy her hospitality—after disposing of their produce or chattering for a new cart-horse—and so the table, decked in its Sunday dinner-service, must be bountifully spread. The half-door leading from the bakehouse was suddenly swung open and a tall, slim youth of twenty or so, with long, light brown hair and intellectual, aquiline features, strode into the kitchen.

"Good morning, aunt," he said, as he wiped the perspiration from his face and nodded a somewhat patronising greeting to the boy. "May I have a glass of beer?"

"Good morning, Dick," she replied. "Joe, draw your cousin a jug of beer."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, for Dick was something of a hero in his eyes since he ran away from home to make the memorable but abortive attempt to reach America *via* Siberia. Besides, only yesterday, Harry had told him, in awed tones proper to such a serious communication, that his brother Dick had just finished writing a tragedy!

The lad paused on the stone steps leading from the cellar to take a surreptitious sip from the foaming jug, and as he re-entered the kitchen Dick was standing twirling his cap between his fingers and nervously drumming with his heels against the skirting-board, as he said:

"Aunt, I want to ask you to do me a favour."

It was with a decidedly hesitating and dubious air that she told him to state particulars, for her Scotch husband was the reverse of liberal, and should this be an appeal for money she felt that she would be unable to persuade him to do what her own generous heart might suggest. After much preliminary beating about the bush, it was finally explained that he had written a novel, entitled, "Disinterested Friendship," and that he was anxious she should agree to subscribe a guinea for a copy, he having arranged with a publisher to bring out the work if a certain number of subscribers could be guaranteed.

"Do put your name down," he pleaded: "I have got Mr. G.'s and Miss R.'s, and I am going down to The Lawn to see if I can get the Squire's."

This was an opportunity, too good to be lost, of again pointing out to the youth the error of his ways, and she strongly urged him to throw aside "all such nonsense" and accept the stool which his Uncle William would, if appealed to, no doubt place at his disposal in the office of which he was chief at "the Works." Though he flushed with indignation at the arguments he had been compelled to listen to so often before, he kept a curb on his hasty temper, and she, having fired all her batteries, ultimately surrendered and allowed him to add her name to his list. Probably the kind soul relinquished the idea of obtaining some little treasure for which she had been hoarding, so that he should not be disappointed. Returning, triumphant, through the yard, Dick encountered an old, bowed man, who was fussing with the mignonette boxes in the "best parlour" window. At the young fellow's somewhat perfunctory salutation, he turned, and mumbled through his toothless gums, "Humph, humph, ought to be at work, ought to be at work!" This was the head of the house, John Jefferies, his grandfather, owner of the bakery, the houses up town and the farm. A man of culture, too, despite the well-worn drab suit and the aged, tall, white hat, with tastes far more refined than was usual at that time in men of his station. Upstairs, in the jealously-guarded bookcases, were many rare and

beautiful volumes which, when in a good humour, he would occasionally display and discourse on to some favoured grandchild. The elder man was to serve the younger later as a model for Grandfather Iden, in "Amaryllis at the Fair."

Unappreciated, lonely, misunderstood, and showing no promise yet of the gifts that were afterwards to bring him fame, if not fortune, Dick walked down "The Planks" and over the fields to the homestead at Coate. The perfume of new-mown hay greeted him as he turned into the meadows, and under the soothing influence of that sweet summer morning his irritation gradually disappeared.

The face of Nature, whose manifold beauties he was destined to make evident to his fellows, smiled upon him, and it may be, as he passed observantly along the narrow footpath, it was then revealed to him that his true mission was to sing her countless charms.

"Disinterested Friendship" was not, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, ever published, although it is possible that it may have appeared under another title. *Jos. Hall.*

THE SOUTHWOLD HORSES

THE Southwold is a country famous for its hounds, but as one to ride over it is not less excellent. I suppose that there are few countries in England where so many good hunters have been made. There



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are, indeed, here, as in Yorkshire, far fewer hunters bred than there used to be, though never, in my recollection,



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GEM.

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BITTERNE.

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has the supply been equal to the demand. Raw horses were brought into the country to be made by the bold hearts and fine hands which seemed to be the natural heritage of the Lincolnshire farmers twenty years ago, when I knew the Southwold. Nor could any country be imagined better suited to make a hunter in. Among those countries which I have hunted in, including the grass countries, the Southwold appears to be one of the most consistent in carrying a scent. I have seen hounds run almost at all times of the year and in very different states of the weather. For example, the very last run I saw there was one of an hour, with a kill at the end, one March day, when the keen, drying wind had reduced the surface of the light ploughs to powder and hounds ran in a cloud of dust most of the time. Again, in wet weather I have seen hounds positively race over the low-lying country. Seldom, indeed, is it that hounds cannot hunt at all. Even the coverts hold a scent, and if the Southwold has several strong woodlands, it was rather the exception than the rule for hounds to linger long in them; they drove their foxes out. Thus, a horse for the Southwold needs to be a stayer; for what with the good average of scenting days, the foxes stout and fairly plentiful, we were generally hunting more or less all day. The fences are various. In the Tuesday country, a hedge and ditch, the latter fairly wide, is a common type of fence; here and there, too, we find fences on a low bank. Timber there is, too, quite stout enough to turn over the rash horse. On the other hand, in the light plough country, on the wolds, there are very large fields, running up to fifty or sixty acres, and fences which would trouble no one. In the country round Spilsby, and more or less all the way to Revesby, there are small grass enclosures, stiffly fenced, while below Raithby Hall, after we have crossed the Sausthorpe Road, and hounds have turned towards Winceby or Hagworthingham, there is a stretch of grass, divided by stiff fences, which might tax the powers of a thruster from Mr. Fernie's Thursday country. In one way the country is favourable to horses; there is a continual change of level, and yet, as a rule, the hills are not too severe.

By the time a horse has finished his education in the Southwold, or, indeed, any of the neighbouring Hunts, he will, if an apt pupil, have learned to creep, or fly, as occasion requires, and to jump timber. Undoubtedly the soundest method of riding to hounds here is to make haste over the fields, but to take the fences very steadily. A horse must have time to collect himself for the spring which will take him clear of the ditch. For one form of obstacle we shall feel a deep respect if we have hunted long in Lincolnshire—the big drains of the low-lying country; these are not for all riders or for every horse. Luckily, perhaps, we do not often have to face them; but hounds do occasionally take to the low fenland, and there are some parts of the country regularly hunted where the drains are big, something more than ditches, something less than rivers. I seem to recollect books, and especially the one near Somerby, both because it was Tennyson's, or said to be, and because its banks were very rotten.

There are real rivers, notably the one between Sausthorpe and Raithby and the Ludd beyond Louth, which, I suppose, is the one crossed during a great

run by a former hard-riding (Master and huntsman), Mr. Parker. When the fox had been killed at Cockerington, Sir E. Brackenbury said, "Well, John, did you not see danger in crossing the river?" "I did, sir," was the reply, "he was the first hound that took the water." So completely had the Master forgotten himself in the hounds. This hound, Danger, must have been well trained from the fox's point of view. Both the above gentlemen bore good Lincolnshire hunting names. There were in the past as in the present some fine horsemen—Captain Dallas York of Walmgate, who used, many years ago, when in the 10th Hussars, to keep up the credit of that sporting corps in the Atherstone country; Mr. George Walker, of the family who for a hundred years have been secretaries of the Hunt; and many more. But it will interest Midland readers to be reminded that Mr. Topham, whose fame as a fox preserver will remain in the Pytchley Hunt as long as the Hemplow rears its wooded mounds in that country, came from the Southwold, and held farms at Keal and Candlesby.

Spilsby, too, has produced many good sportsmen, and is, indeed, the most fox-hunting town of its size in England. From thence came many foot hunters, guarded, in my time, by a clever woman in pink, who kept them out of mischief, and showed them a good deal of sport. I have wandered somewhat from the horses and the country they might have to cross. So we turn to the Hunt horses and their portraits, and what better examples could there be of the hunter wanted for this or, indeed, any other country. Few men have ridden to hounds as long, fewer as often and more close to the pack, in this by no means easy country, as Mr. Rawnsley. And in Crofter, by Evan out of Macgregor, we have a horse which looks a hunter all over. Short in the back, strong in the loins, deep in girths; with useful limbs and a head full of intelligence, a glance at his portrait will prepare us for the character the horse bears in the field. Crofter is not a big horse; how few really good ones are big. The old Sir Tatton Sykes was probably right when he objected to anything much over 15h. 2in. as a hunter; but Crofter is an extraordinarily good one in a moderate compass. For three seasons he has never made a mistake, and can go all day long. Next comes Gem, an older favourite, but still able to gallop and stay. As he ran third in the Ladies' Plate at Melton, no doubt he is a fast horse, and there are times when hounds go so fast in this country that none but a fast horse can live with them. Bitterne, though not so fast as Gem, is nevertheless a marvellous hunter, one of those horses which makes up for any want of pace by being able to reach hounds by the nearest way. He is equally ready to jump a gate or one of those formidable drains of which I have written; and, after all, a horse with these accomplishments will in Lincolnshire often be found with hounds when faster ones are left behind. Havoc, dam by Knight Templar, had his schooling in the hands of Mr. Maunsell Richardson. Naturally he knows all that a hunter ought to know: To be bold without being rash; to be careful without being sticky; and to have that fifth leg in cases of emergencies which is so often attributed to the Arab, but which is, I believe, far more the result of judicious education than of any particular strain of blood. At all events, in crossing



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STONECLINK.

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KATE.

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that difficult country Havoc makes no mistakes. Four such horses do not fall to the lot of every huntsman to ride, and the Master knows that with these he can be with his hounds at those critical moments when the presence of the huntsman makes all the difference between a moderate hunt and a fine chase. Havoc is, to my mind, a very finely-shaped horse for a hunter. He has a beautiful light forehand, a powerful forearm, plenty of spring in the fore legs, and takes out a very long run. There is just room for the saddle, and behind the saddle the massive, muscular back, powerful quarters that give one so delightful a sense of ease and security in the spring of the horse. Deep in girth and with excellent back ribs, he is bound to stay as well as gallop.

So far the Master's horses, and then we have three for the first whipper-in. These are all of the same stamp, thorough hunters in type and full of quality. If a country is big and stiff to us, it is even more so to a whipper-in, who must get to his hounds, nor can he always wait to pick his places as we can. Whippers-in are great examples of the safety that lies in boldness in the hunting-field; no followers of hounds take more chances or have so often to jump with a half-tired horse; yet, on the whole, they are not more often hurt than the rest of us; but their chances are much improved when they have horses to ride like Stainsby. An Irish horse, with all the qualities that go with that name, he is a very hard horse, and has carried the first whipper-in for seven seasons, yet is to-day as fresh on his legs and as gay as a four year old. Stainsby is at his best when the country is big. Stoneclink is another of the same useful

stamp; he is by Stoneback, who, by the way, is also the sire of Bitterne, and whose stock make excellent hunters. This is a thoroughly good hunter. Kate, another of the first whipper-in's horses, is also Irish, and a rare stamp of galloping mare; just the sort to be on when hounds are on the top wolds with a good fox and a serving scent. Custance, who hunted here, used to say that it only took twenty minutes on the wolds on a scenting day for a horse to tell you, in unmistakable terms, that his grandfather's name was Smiler. For my own part, wherever I was hunting I would ask nothing better than to ride horses of the stamp depicted here.

Mr. Rawnsley does not part with his horses every year. The annual sale is a practice which may be wholesome for the pocket, but it is very bad for sport. No man, however good a horseman, is at his best when riding a horse he does not know, and this is certainly most true of a huntsman or a whipper-in. It is a little sad to think that of these good mares few are English, to know that English-bred hunters are harder to find every year, and that this is true even of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, which at one time supplied us with so many horses of hunting type. Farmers nowadays breed a horse or two for their own riding where they hunt, as they still do in Wilts, Dorset and Somerset to some extent; but I only know one farmer who went in for breeding light horses for sale, and he is giving them up for Shires. The fact is that as high-class harness horses are less required, and those that are used have more and more hackney blood, so hunters will become more scarce, for many good hunters were the cream of horses bred for carriage-work. X.

INSECT-CATCHING PLANTS.

IT is doubtful whether any section of plant-life lends itself more to distorted and fanciful descriptions by the general writer than that which embraces the insectivorous plants—those members of the plant world which are equipped with

some special apparatus for the trapping of insects and which clearly demonstrate the adaptability of Nature to circumstances. Not unfrequently we read of plants which are capable of trapping and devouring rats, mice and other rodents; and one writer at least has gone so far as to describe a man-catching tree. Doubtless these imaginary wonders of the plant world have created erroneous ideas in the minds of many, who

are naturally inclined to be sceptical when the real insect-catching plants are brought to their notice. The adaptability of Nature to circumstances has been alluded to; but what the circumstances were that induced certain plants to provide themselves with special apparatus for the purpose of catching insects have not, so far as the writer is aware, been satisfactorily determined. There is little doubt, however, that circumstances in some period of these plants' history called for such features; and it is for the purpose of pointing out some of the marvelous constructions that occur in this respect that this article is written.

Probably the most wonderful of all the insectivorous plants is the Venus's fly-trap (*Dionaea muscipula*), a small plant found wild in Carolina and Florida, whence it was introduced to this country in 1768. As will be seen in the illustration, the

leaves of this plant are formed of two crescent-shaped lobes, the margins of which are armed with stiff, sharply-pointed hairs, the whole being not unlike an old-fashioned steel rat-trap.

When ready for action the two segments of the leaf should lie open and nearly flat, similar to the one in the left-hand bottom corner of the illustration. On the inner surfaces of these lobes, but scarcely discernible in the illustration, are six smaller hairs, three on each lobe, and it is in the region of these inner hairs that the sensitive portion of the leaf will be found. If a fly or



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A RARE SUNDEW (*DROSERA BINATA*).
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E. J. Wallis. VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

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other small insect alights on this portion of the leaf, the two lobes quickly close up and imprison the intruder, the stiff, marginal hairs acting as a sort of barrier to prevent egress. Imprisoned thus the insect naturally is soon lifeless, and it is not until decomposition is practically finished that the leaf opens again. It is a moot point whether the plant, as at present known, derives any real nourishment from its prey, and this applies equally to all insectivorous plants; but it is scarcely conceivable that in the remote past its ancestors should have gone to the trouble of developing this wonderful apparatus without eventually reaping some benefit from it. To grow the Venus's fly-trap in this country a cool

light greenhouse or frame is needed, a mixture of coarse peat and sphagnum moss, with some pieces of charcoal added, providing a suitable rooting medium, the pot or pan in which the plant is growing being stood in a saucer of water.

Other interesting insectivorous plants that will thrive under the treatment described above are the sundews (*Droseras*), of which our native representative (*Drosera rotundifolia*) is by no means the least interesting. Like the Venus's



E. J. Wallis SARRACENIA.

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fly-trap, some of these are low-growing plants found in various parts of the world, while others are taller, and one at least, found in the dry regions of Australia, has developed a climbing habit. The two shown in the illustrations, however, give a fair idea of the majority of the members of the family, *D. burkeana* being somewhat like our native sundew in habit. It will be noticed that the leaves are exceedingly hairy, each hair having at its tip a globule of what appears in the illustration to be dew. In reality this is a thick, sticky substance, and serious trouble is in store for the insect that is venturesome enough to alight thereon, the viscid substance usually being strong enough to hold the insect fast until death, and subsequently decomposition, has taken place. Our native sundew takes no risks once its prey is caught. The leaf proper is nearly round, and once an insect becomes affixed to the glutinous substance, the other hairs gradually fold over and embrace it in a grip from which there is no escape. *D. burkeana* is a native of Natal, and the other illustrated (*D. binata* or *D. dichotoma* of gardens) is found wild in Australia, whence it was introduced to this country in 1823.

The pitcher plants, or nepenthes, provide still another form of trap, the leaf, as will be seen in the illustration, having a sort

of pitcher or pipelike appendage at its extremity. Though these pitchers vary in shape in different plants, the specimen illustrated and named after Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer gives a fair idea of their form, but no illustration can adequately describe their structure.



E. J. Wallis. PITCHER PLANT. Copyright

of pitcher or pipelike appendage at its extremity. Though these pitchers vary in shape in different plants, the specimen illustrated and named after Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer gives a fair idea of their form, but no illustration can adequately describe their structure. As will be seen, the outer surface of the pitchers of this particular plant are highly mottled, the colour of the blotches being generally bright red and green. Then at the mouth of the pitcher we find a sort of reflexed and projecting collar, and to fully understand the wisdom of Nature it should be noticed that this collar, which is very hard, smooth and glossy, projects in a downward direction over the entrance to the pitcher, the inner surface of which is very smooth and slippery. Finally, surmounting the whole, we find a sort of upright circular disc, which in many plants takes a horizontal position and forms a sort of lid to the pitcher, always, however, being suspended high enough from the entrance to allow insects free ingress. Though water is nearly always found in these pitchers, it would seem that this lid was a provision of Nature to prevent rain gaining an entrance; yet liquid of some kind appears necessary for the health of each pitcher. Some years ago the writer tried an experiment with two pitchers—one was emptied of its water and the other allowed to remain, the entrance to both being then closed with thin gutta-percha. Both resented the treatment and died within two months, and no water was formed by the plant itself in that which was emptied, this partially, but not conclusively, proving that the plant does not produce its own liquid, as the presence of the lids referred to above might reasonably lead one to expect.

When a fly or other insect enters the pitcher, attracted there in all probability by the bright colouring, it is almost certain to damp its wings in the water, and then all chance of escape is gone. Even should it manage to climb the smooth walls of its prison it will, at the top, be confronted with the smooth, projecting collar which prevents egress; consequently the prisoner is drowned and decomposition takes place. As stated above, there is doubt as to whether the plants now derive any benefit from their prey, but it is certain that they can be made to thrive on a solely vegetarian diet. To grow these pitcher plants a hot, moist and shaded house is necessary.

Similar in their method of trapping insects are the Sarracenias, the illustration being of *S. Drummondii*, a plant found wild in North America, whence it was brought to this country in 1829. It will be noticed that the whole leaf has

been turned into a trumpet-shaped trap, the top of which is brightly coloured. Unlike the true pitcher plants, however, these will thrive in a cool, moist greenhouse and a few hybrids are hardy in favoured parts of the country.

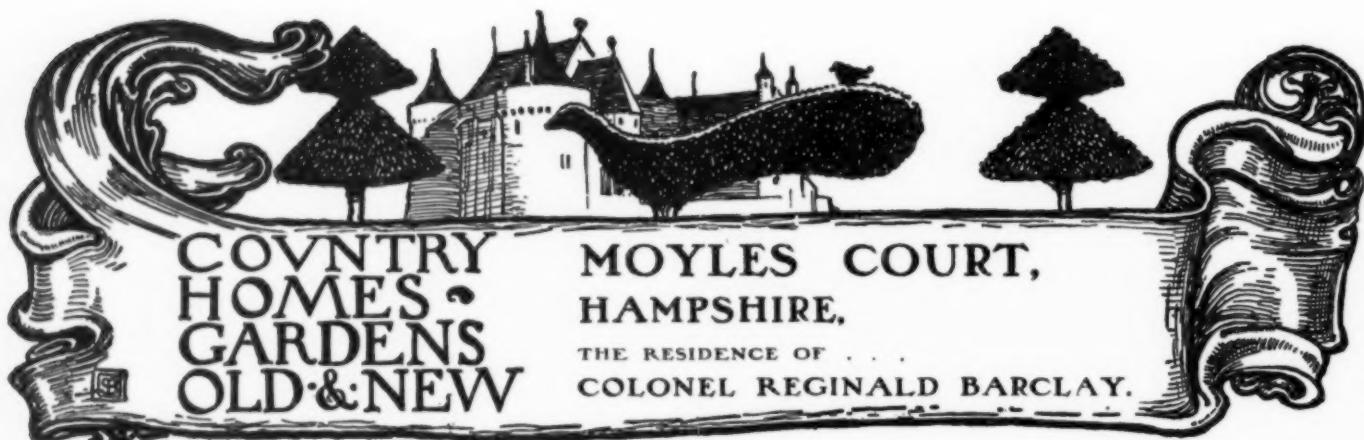
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DROSERA BURKEANA.

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MOYLES COURT is among the pleasantest of old Hampshire homes, sitting as it does in the Avon Valley at the foot of the New Forest slopes. A typical country gentleman's home in the thoroughly agreeable style that obtained just after Inigo Jones had given a Palladian stamp to our architecture without abolishing all native features, it speaks of long and prosperous descent in one family, and of happy and peaceful lives led in its comfortable rooms and amid its agreeable surroundings. Yet here it was that in July, 1685, an event took place seemingly innocent in character, yet fraught with tragic consequences to the owner. Among Judge Jeffreys's iniquities, none stains him more deeply with the mark of blood, none makes the task of the would-be rehabilitator of his character more impossible, than the judicial murder of Dame Alice Lisle of Moyles Court.

The parish of Ellingham occupies two thousand five hundred acres of Hampshire land situate on both sides of the Avon some two miles north of Ringwood town. Its ancient church and picturesque cottages are on the right bank of the river, but the lord of the manor made his domicile on the other bank. The estate that lay on that side had a separate name even in Plantagenet times, and it is John de Meoles who holds Ellingham in 1310. Soon after Puncardions come in quick succession, and it was probably as a result of some intermarriage that, in the middle of the fifteenth century, we find William Botreaux lord of "Ellingham Manor called Meoles." Seated here when Tudors reigned was a family named White, and they interest us both as being the progenitors of Dame Alice Lisle and as the builders of a house of which traces appear incorporated in the structure of its seventeenth century successor. In the cellars, arched doorways still Gothic in type may be seen, and though the stable

building is in its main lines and general appearance of the same character as the house, its arched doorway with returned dripstone mouldings over it, and the arch-headed lights of its mullioned windows, are of the kind that prevailed in the early days of Queen Elizabeth, when the Renaissance spirit was beginning to assert itself in these features. It was in her reign that the male line of the Whites of Moles Court came to an end, and William White's daughter and heir carried the estate to John "Beckenshaw," as his surname came to be written in Hampshire. He was of a Lancashire family, and his ancestors, in Henry VIII.'s time, held the manor of Beconsalls in Hesketh parish on the Ribble estuary. The name puzzled Southerners, and it is as Beronsaws that the herald of the 1634 visitation allows the Hampshire branch the right to bear arms. It was a John Beconsall who left his Northern home, settled at Southampton, and founded a family that prospered and bought land. His grandson is written down as "Sir William Beconsaw of Ibbesley," which is the next parish to Ellingham, and this link of vicinity was strengthened by one of matrimony when his son married the heiress of Moles. Their son, Sir White Beckenshaw, joined the names and the estates of the two families, but for his lifetime only. At his death the names disappear and the property passes to co-heiresses. Of his daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Sir John Tipping, we hear nothing in connection with Ellingham except that she left those parcels of the "Wide Meadow" called "Venge" and "The Butts" to the poor in 1687. But her sister Alice lies in Ellingham's graveyard, and it was from Moles Court that she was dragged in 1685 to fall a victim to the "Bloody Assize." Fifty-five years previously she had become the second wife of John Lisle. He was of a distinguished family, long seated in the Isle of



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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



FROM THE STABLE-YARD.

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THE NORTH SIDE.

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Wight. De Insulas held Wodeton in the thirteenth century and John de Insula was Edward I's governor of Carisbrooke. Directly descended from him was Sir William Lisle who flourished in James I's reign, and left an elder son to inherit Wootton and take the part of King Charles, and a younger son, John, who bore his share in the removal of that monarch's head. Educated at Oxford and called to the Bar from the Middle Temple, John

Lisle was returned for Winchester to the Long Parliament in 1640, and at once advocated strong measures against the King. He obtained his reward. The very remunerative office of Master of the Hospital of St. Cross came to him when, in 1644 Dr. Lewis, a Laudian divine, was evicted from his various preferments. He spoke loudly and often in favour of breaking off all negotiations with Charles during his detention at Carisbrooke,



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A CORNER OF THE SOUTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and was one of the managers of the King's trial. He it was who drew up the form of the sentence, although his name does not appear among its signatories. A week after the King's head fell he was made a Commissioner of the Great Seal, and as a thick-and-thin supporter of Cromwell he became President of his High Court of Justice in 1654 and a member of his abortive House of Peers in 1657. It was this appointment which led to his widow being afterwards called, by courtesy, Dame Alice Lisle. She appears to have joined him in Switzerland, whither he fled before the ports were stopped against the escape of the regicides at the Restoration. They lived at Lausanne, and there, in 1664, "three desperate Irishmen, hoping by such a service, to make their fortunes, killed him as he was going to church." After that we are told by the "Dictionary of National Biography" that "she lived quietly at Moyles Court which she inherited from her father and she showed while there some sympathy with the dissenting ministers in their trials during Charles II.'s reign." It must surely have been at this time also that the older house was re-modelled, although possibly this may have been done in the prosperous days when John Lisle was one of Cromwell's right-hand men. The general style of the house, as we find it now, reminds us strongly of John Webb's work as seen at Thorpe, Ramsbury and Ashdown. The first of these he erected before the Restoration and the others after it. They are all more architectural and elaborate than Moyles, but the latter shares with them the same forms—the hipped roofs with ample cornice

the wall face of the north elevation tells of an early date when the mediæval spirit was still strong, although it was re-shafted in unison with those that emerge from the roof in a more correct Palladian manner. Later on, perhaps after Dame Alice had been done to death, sash windows were introduced, and these retain their original bars in the south wing. It is this south wing, and the grand stable building facing it, that most completely retain the old character. The tile roofs are magnificent in their sweep and colouring, and both the texture and the management of the brickwork of the house are delightful. The bricks are only two and one-eighth inches wide. Though of that open texture which weathers so well, they are very hard and durable. They are rather unevenly shaped, so that each one is widely framed with mortar. They are laid in alternate rows of sides and ends. The string-course is composed of a central row of short bordered by long. The admirably designed rusticated coigns have seven courses, the odd number again allowing long bricks at top and bottom. The same system is not used in the case of the old stable, where the bricks are laid in the more usual manner of sides and ends set next to each other in the same row—no doubt, so far as bonding is concerned, a more practical mode.

If Dame Alice had Whig and Nonconformist sympathies during Charles II.'s reign, she carried herself discreetly and had social relationship with important people at Court. She was, therefore, unmolested, and even under James II. she must have



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THE OLD STABLE BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

supporting the overhanging eaves, the Palladianised chimney-stacks with arched recesses, the narrow window apertures, of which those of the centre block on the east side are in their original condition and retain the single structural mullion and transom which Inigo Jones occasionally used. It had its origin in Florence, where, early in the Renaissance era, Baccio d'Agnolo used it for the Bartolini Palace, in conjunction with flanking pilasters supporting a pediment. Inigo Jones's little "Fish house" at Becket Park has this arrangement; but he, as a rule, followed the later Italians and placed no structural supports in his voids, but filled them with light wooden frames. This, rather than sashes, was the general practice for long after the Restoration, so much so that the mullioned and transomed wooden casemented frames of this type are generally called Charles II. windows. Yet the same form structurally inserted in stone was also uncommonly used, as we saw a year ago at Tredegar Park. Pratt's great London house for Lord Chancellor Hyde had them, and that house, on a great and magnificent scale, was of exactly the same shape as the humbler Moyles, and the projecting wing form, which Inigo Jones had not favoured, was likewise adopted at Tyttenhanger—another house which dates from either just before or just after the Restoration. At Moyles this form may have been dictated by the shape of the older house, of which the foundations, and even part of the walling, were probably incorporated. The bulky chimney-stack which projects from

deemed herself secure, for when the Duke of Monmouth raised the standard of rebellion her son was in arms on the King's side. She was then in London, but soon after Sedgemoor fight she went down to Moyles Court, and there a message reached her from her friend, John Hicke, a Nonconformist divine, begging her to shelter him. Whether she knew that Hicke had fought at Sedgemoor and that he would bring with him the outlaw Richard Nelthorpe, who had done likewise, we cannot tell. She declared she did not; and very likely she thought it prudent to ask no questions and to discourage confidences, as she could thus conscientiously affirm that she had harboured traitors unawares. Lying almost in the forest, of difficult access and separated from the village of Ellingham by the Avon, Moyles must have appeared a safe retreat. But it would seem that the fugitives were accompanied by a spy who was in communication with Colonel Penruddock. It has even been surmised that their arrest could quite well have taken place before they reached Hampshire, but was purposely postponed in order to implicate Dame Alice. One would, however, prefer to believe that Colonel Penruddock did not design to be revenged against a dead foe in the person of that foe's widow. Yet so it turned out. John Lisle was President of the High Court at the time of the abortive Western rising against Cromwell in 1655, for taking part in which the death sentence was passed on John Penruddock. It was his descendant who surrounded Moyles Court with soldiers on one of the last days of

July, 1685, discovered Hicke and Nelthorp in hiding and sent them to their fate, gave over Moyles Court to be sacked by his troopers and set Dame Alice on a pillion behind one of them on her way to Winchester Gaol. A month later Jeffreys arrived to try her on the charge of harbouring traitors. There was really no evidence against her, and her defence was straightforward and convincing. But Jeffreys meant her to die. He browbeat one witness till he declared "tell me what thou wouldst have me to say, for I am cluttered out of my senses." When the jury failed to convict he sent them back even to the third time. Then they gave in and he condemned her to be burnt the same afternoon. Her loyal family and her powerful friends took immediate action, but failed to do more than obtain a respite, and an order that the block and not the faggot should be her portion. The devolution of Moyles after her death is a little obscure. A paper read to the members of the Hants

used as an altar-piece, but a recent "restoration" has replaced it with a very feeble example of the imitative Gothic style. John Lisle was followed in possession by his son Charles, who died without issue in 1721. Then we find a cousin, John Lisle, a City merchant, set down as "of Moyles Court," and his grandson Charles, who was born in Coleman Street in 1753, ended the line when he died early in the nineteenth century. Then Moyles Court was purchased by the owner of the neighbouring Somerley, and the combined estates have passed to the present Earl of Normanton. Whether the last of the Lises had used the place it is difficult to tell, but certainly after his death it lay derelict, and so remained until, about 1870, Mr. Frederick Fane obtained a long lease and proceeded to make it habitable once more. It is worthy of note that the architects that were called in to advise "gave their opinion that nothing could be done with the house but to pull it down."

Luckily Mr. Fane did not accept this death sentence—almost as brutal and unjustifiable as that of Judge Jeffreys upon the house's former owner. Certainly, the aspect was not encouraging. "A great part had already been destroyed; the cellars were full of water and the windows boarded up and broken, the whole place a prey to the spoiler. When bricks were wanted a room was pulled down; when a fire was wanted a floor was pulled up, or the old panelling torn away. The house was given up to bats and owls. The latter resented interference vehemently and long after the house was again inhabited screamed and hooted down the chimneys, till they made night a terror." To have saved so delightful and characteristic a house was a deed which claims our deepest gratitude. On the whole Mr. Fane did a difficult job well; but, unfortunately, he shared the love of his age for large squares of glass, quite oblivious of the deplorable effect such an alteration produces on a building of which small panes were an integral part of the design. Standing before the east elevation, the eye, having enjoyed the fine roof-lines, is distressed at the treatment of the sashes in the north wing, regrets, as it moves to the left, the absence of leaded lights to the mullioned windows, but reaches a happy haven when it lights upon the south wing and gloats over a thoroughly harmonious picture, which must have come down to us untouched, if not from the later days of Dame Alice, at least from that of her immediate successor, or of his tenant, Lord Windsor. As regards the interior, Mr. Fane showed rather more enthusiasm than judgment. Why, in the large and lofty dining-room, two great mantel-pieces made up of Jacobean woodwork were



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THE STAIRCASE.

Field Club, when they visited the house in 1883, merely states "the estate continued in the family of the Lises until the beginning of this century." On Dame Alice's execution it was confiscated, but the sentence passed upon her was reversed when William and Mary came to the throne. This was done on the petition of her two daughters, which might lead to the supposition that they were her heirs, and that not Dame Alice, but his first wife, was the mother of John Lisle's sons. But the family tree published in Berry's "Hampshire Genealogies" contradicts this. There we find that John and Alice Lisle had a son John, who lived till 1709. He is described as "of Dibden," and Moyles appears to have been in the occupation of Admiral Lord Windsor, who, at the sack of Cadiz in 1702, obtained a Flemish picture of "The Last Judgment" and gave it to Ellingham Church, of which an illustration showing Dame Alice's pew is here given. The picture was set in a splendid frame in the manner of Grinling Gibbons and

"COUNTRY LIFE."

set up in front of George I. panelling it is difficult to understand, except on the supposition that Mr. Fane made large and indiscriminate purchases of old fittings and was determined to fit them in somehow. The frieze of Henry VIII. panels on the staircase, which is otherwise more or less of Queen Anne date, lends colour to this hypothesis. Yet it is not criticism but praise which the reparation of Moyles Court especially calls for. It is a thoroughly agreeable and comfortable home, needing, so far as its exterior is concerned, but little attention to matters of mere detail to make it a quite admirable specimen of one of the most sympathetic and sensible periods of our domestic architecture. It is environed by thoroughly adequate and characteristic gardens. A brook, brawling down the forest glen, takes on the same placid look as the picturesque and well-grouped buildings when it reaches the level on which they stand. South and west the outlook over the lush valley

is thoroughly pleasing, but the joy of vicinage is towards the east, where the wooded slopes invite the pedestrian into the open glades and sheltered recesses of one of England's most choice sylvan tracts. T.

SCOTTISH RIVER PEARLS.

PEARLS have been for years and still are to be found in several Scottish rivers. One of the best-known pearl-producing rivers is the Ythan in Aberdeenshire. This sluggish stream is said to have yielded the great pearl which was set in the crown of Scotland, and about 1750 a Mr. Tower of Aberdeen received £100 sterling from a London jeweller for a parcel of pearls from the Ythan. On the river Earn, a lovely tributary of the Tay, mussel-gathering used to be quite a trade, and the pearls found were the means of subsistence to many families. The watershed "Where Teith's young waters roll" is also noted for the excellence of its pearls. No Scottish gems, indeed, are allowed to be better than those taken now and again from the Teith. A unique specimen which was found near its junction with the Forth is at present in the possession of a Callander jeweller. Its weight is thirty-five grains and it has been valued at £100. During the past summer a London gentleman who was residing in Callander employed an expert and fully equipped diver to exploit this river for pearls, but his operations lasting for a fortnight yielded only indifferent results. Possibly in a more prolonged search greater success might have been attained. The earliest professional Callander pearl-fisher I have heard of was one Jamie Alpine. He practised his calling about sixty years ago and lived in a street then known as Back Row but now called Pearl Street



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IN THE DINING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

in his memory. After him a worthy named Donald M'Millan, usually designated "Tarry Donal," followed the same occupation. Donal built for himself a canoe and for many years was a familiar figure, peering into the river with his glass in search of the precious spoil. Whatever profits he may have made at times, he at any rate died not only a poor man, but an object of public charity. Pearls have frequently been procured "where Vennachar in silver flows." I recently saw a beautiful specimen got from the lake of this name. They are also taken in considerable numbers from the Lochan (really a bit of the larger lake):

"On the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the
Teith."

Those obtained here have, however, generally afterwards deteriorated in appearance. In the river Balvaig, which joins Lochs Voil and Lubnaig, plenty of fresh-water mussels exist, but scarcely ever has one been found to contain a pearl. "Doon by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry" the persevering searcher for the gems may meet with more or less success. The Forth, Tay and Spey have also frequently yielded good pearls, while "Bonnie Doon," the Dee and the Dochart are among other lucrative streams. As already indicated, Scottish pearls, unlike Oriental ones, are concealed in the fresh-water mussel (*Unio* or *Anodonta*). The Eastern gems are, of course, the product of the oyster. By reason of their lovely

colour and fine lustre many of the pearls found in the "land of the mountain and the flood" excel the foreign ones in beauty. A pretty pinkish tinge is characteristic of the former, and they are procured in all shapes, spherical, pear formed, irregular, etc. The last named are of every conceivable form and are called freak pearls. According to lustre, hue, size and shape Scottish pearls vary in price from 5s. to £150 apiece. They have been sold at the latter figure, and a necklace belonging to a Scottish Countess is



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IN ELLINGHAM CHURCH.

Showing Dame Alice Lisle's Pew and the Chancel Screen and Hour Glass.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

alleged to be worth £1,000. About fifty years ago the search was much more vigorously prosecuted than at the present time, and the fisheries yielded some £12,000 a year. A merchant in Edinburgh then brought the gems into great repute. He collected specimens of values ranging from £5 to £90,

and formed a necklace worth £350. Mussel pearls are further occasionally found in one or two of the English, Irish and Welsh rivers. To pearl-seekers it is well known that the crooked or deformed mussel-shells, and those marked with indentures, are, as a rule, the gem-producing ones.

AN OLD HOME OF THE CAREWS.



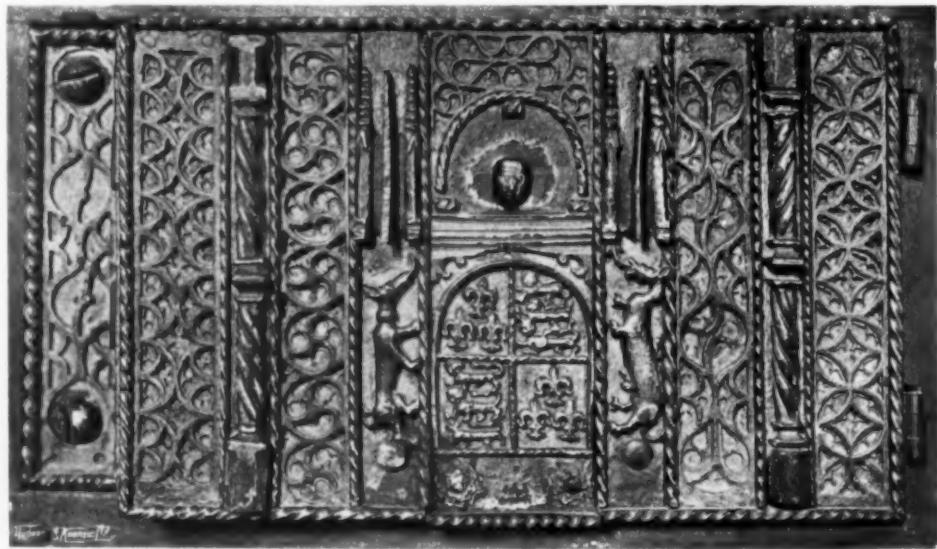
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IRONWORK OF THE AGE OF ANNE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

BEDDINGTON VILLAGE is now almost engulfed in Croydon Town, but until recent times it was separated from it by a mile or two of fields, and was itself a picturesque congeries of good old-fashioned houses. Here, in the fourteenth century, came Nicholas Carew, one of the Devonshire stock, and possessed himself of the manor. He acted as Privy Seal to Edward III, while that King lived, and as one of his executors when he died. He was a man of substance, and left his heirs good property, which they kept, together with their heads, through the pernicious Wars of the Roses. Then when Henry VII. gave a measure of peace to the land, much building was done. A hall with a noble roof arose, and its door was fitted with an elaborate example of our late mediæval locksmiths' art. Both survive and appear in the accompanying photographs. The

shield of the Royal arms on the lock moves in a groove and reveals the keyhole. The supporters to the shield are the greyhound and the dragon which the first Tudor King affected, and they fix the date even more exactly than the detail and ornament of either lock or roof. They are, therefore, probably the work of the father of that Sir Nicholas Carew who was Henry VIII.'s friend and "a partaker with him in all the justs, tournaments, masques and other diversions with which that reign abounded," until he sympathised with the Roman policy of the Poles and lost his head in 1539. His attainder led to the forfeiture of the estates; but these his son, Sir Francis, regained when Catholic Mary came to the throne and made Cardinal Pole her Archbishop. Sir Francis found much dilapidation and did considerable re-building. But when he had carried out his plans, Beddington was fit for Royal



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A LOCK OF HENRY VII'S TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

visits, and Elizabeth visited him there in 1599 and in 1600. He was a great gardener and very expert. At the time he expected his Queen he kept back a cherry tree for a whole month by covering it over with a canvas tent, which he kept wetted in sunny weather. A few days before the Royal advent he removed the covering so that the cherries might reach their full colouring and was able to take Elizabeth to eat of the belated fruit. But his greatest horticultural success was with oranges. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was brother-in-law to Carew's nephew and heir, Nicholas Throckmorton, was the first to bring this fruit to England. One account makes Sir Francis obtain and sow their pips, while another tells us that he himself brought young trees from Italy. In any case, he had good store of them, which he planted out and preserved through the winter with "moveable coverts."

In the next century, when orangeries came into vogue, one of the length of two hundred feet was built at Beddington for the trees. They were, in 1601, about thirteen feet high and ten thousand oranges had been picked off them the preceding year. They lasted on till 1740, when an exceptional frost killed them. Their history may be compared with those still at Lydney Park in Gloucestershire, which tradition connects with the Spanish Armada. Sir William Winter, the then owner of Lydney, was one of Elizabeth's admirals and fought against the Spanish foe. But he also had a commercial connection with Portugal, and it must have been through this source that the orange trees were obtained, if they really belong to so early a date. Nicholas Throckmorton took the name of Carew on succeeding to his uncle at Beddington, and another Nicholas Carew, under Queen Anne, again dealt with the old house with a view of bringing it within the fashion of his day. When Nash made his picture of the hall the decorations added in 1709 remained. The grand Gothic roof, so like that at Eltham, had not been touched; but below that were great plaster panels with trophies of arms and musical instruments, while from the floor, to a height of some twelve feet,

rose fluted pilasters with portraits hung in the flat between them. Earlier in the nineteenth century than Nash, Lysons had visited and described the house. He tells us that it was then of brick, forming three sides of a square. The centre was occupied by the hall. The north wing was a mere shell, the inside of it having been destroyed by fire soon after its new building in 1709. The lock was at that time still on the hall door, but is now removed and exhibited in a glass case. The very fine iron gates and *clairvoyée*, flanked by stone pillars, are a remnant of the 1709 improvements, and in the panel over the gates the entwined initials of the Nicholas Carew of that date may be seen. His descendants continued in possession till 1866, when it became a school of the Royal Female Orphan Asylum. The buildings have been added to and adapted to their present use; but that

the authorities value the old associations of the place is shown by the accompanying views, which reveal the excellent state of preservation of the most interesting of the remaining ancient features.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE GLOSSY IBIS.

ALREADY this autumn two or three of these birds have been shot in England, in the county of York. The glossy ibis has long been catalogued as a British bird, its occurrences being usually more frequent on the East Coast than in any other part of the country. In Norfolk, in the old days, it was actually known to the Fenmen and wildfowlers as the black curlew. In 1902 a flock of about nine landed, unfortunately for themselves, on the marshes of

East Sussex, most of them being shot by curious gunner. This somewhat funeral-looking bird measures about twenty-two inches in length, its dark, shining plumage being brownish black on the upper parts, glossed with metallic hues of green and purple. The head, neck and under parts are a dark rufous brown. The bill also is dark brown, the legs and feet bronze brown. The irides are hazel, and the bare skin round the eyes greenish grey. In the young birds the head, cheeks and neck are streaked and mottled with greyish white.

RANGE OF THE GLOSSY IBIS.

This ibis has a very wide distribution, ranging occasionally as far North as Iceland, Scandinavia and the Baltic Provinces, and descending South as far as Natal. The Eastward range extends through Asia as far as China, and it has been reported from South Australia. Westward the glossy ibis travels as far as the West Indies and the South-East portion of the United States. In Europe this bird is found breeding numerously in the marshy tracts of Southern Spain—Andalusia; while in Slavonia, Mr. W. Eagle Clark has met with it in huge colonies on the Obeski "bara." Here the nests, made from reeds and sticks, were placed in the lower branches of sallow bushes; but in India, Ceylon and elsewhere they are found in trees, where the young may be seen climbing readily among the branches. The eggs are of a very beautiful greenish blue colour, and once seen are not easily to be forgotten. The food of this gloomy-looking bird consists of various

crustaceans, worms, small amphibia, reptiles, locusts, beetles and even scorpions.

WHIMBREL.

The half-curlew, or Jack-curlew, as it is still sometimes called by professional wildfowlers, still breeds in the Orkneys and Shetlands, though even there the assaults of egg-collectors make its successful nesting operations more and more difficult each year. But for the last one hundred and ten years at least it has never been known to nest in England. Colonel Montagu, who published his excellent Ornithological Dictionary in the early years of the last century, it is true, says: "It has been suspected to breed on the coast of Sussex and Kent, especially about Romney Marsh, but that has not been ascertained with certainty." So far as I can ascertain, there is no known record of the whimbrel breeding in England or Ireland, nor, that I am aware of, even in the extreme north of the mainland of Scotland. North Rona, in the Outer Hebrides, is usually mentioned as a modern nesting



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THE GOTHIC ROOF OF THE OLD HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

haunt of this species. North of the Shetlands this bird is found breeding in the Faroes, where, as in Iceland, it takes, apparently, the place of the curlew as a nesting species. From those islands the nesting range of the whimbrel extends eastward through Scandinavia and the North of Russia as far as the valley of the Petchora. In Siberia its place seems to be taken by a near relative and sub-species (*Numenius variegatus*). In spite of its considerably smaller size—the whimbrel measures usually from five to seven inches less than its bigger cousin the curlew, and weighs more than a pound less—this bird is, I am convinced, pretty often mistaken by the uninitiated for its larger relative. I have myself been shown a dead whimbrel by a shore-shooter, who called it a young curlew. The whimbrel, as a matter of fact, measures, in good specimens, almost seventeen inches in length, while the curlew ranges between twenty-one and twenty-five inches. Old-fashioned wildfowlers and shore-shooters hold—I think wrongly—the flesh of this wader in much greater estimation than that of the curlew, and it is, in consequence, seldom spared when it makes its appearance. I have long puzzled over the derivation of the name of whimbrel. Professor Skeat says of it: "A bird that keeps on uttering a cry imitated by 'whim.'" This seems to me a very poor explanation. The cry of the whimbrel is in seven notes, and much more resembles the name titterel sometimes given to this bird by Sussex fowlers. Elsewhere whimbrels have long been known to country people as the "seven whistlers," evidently from the peculiar and very characteristic seven-noted whistle of this species. The whimbrel is a plucky, and even pugnacious, bird, and in its breeding haunts will attack and drive off even such bullying creatures as the skunks. Like the curlew, the whimbrel travels through Africa as far South as Cape Colony, but is much less often encountered. It is worthy of remark that specimens of whimbrel shot on the coast near Cape Town were found in company with curlew, and were regarded as small specimens of that species until submitted to the late Mr E. L. Layard, curator of the Cape Town Museum, and author of "The Birds of South Africa."

WINTER BERRIES AND THE BIRDS.

Never do I remember a finer show of berries than we have among the hedges and woodlands this winter. The scarlet array of the whitethorn fruit adds a wondrous bravery to the rossets, purples and fading greens of the hedgerow leaves, now rapidly falling before the attacks of rain and frost. In the wilder woodlands the holly trees are decked more splendidly in scarlet than I can ever remember them, the bright, tightly-packed pyramids of berries contrasting magnificently with the shining green leafage of this typical English plant. In all the winter woodlands there is not, I think, a more perfect adornment than the hardy holly tree, viewed resplendent, as it is this season, in its most glorious beauty. Old-fashioned folk always predicted a hard winter in such a season as the present; but these predictions have been so often falsified in the last score or so of years that one hesitates to put faith in them any longer. Yet, as a boy, I can remember very hard and snowy winters in which the red hawthorn fruit and the scarlet holly berries were extremely abundant; in those seasons the fieldfares and redwings swarmed near human habitations, and huge bags of them were made by youthful gunners. Thus far, fieldfares and redwings have not been much in evidence down South. So soon as snow and frost prevail in the North and Midlands and they are driven from those haunts, they will find a wonderful harvest of

hedge fruit ready for them. Heavy snow invariably means an enormous death-rate among these and other small birds. Last winter, during the short period of deep snow that we experienced in Sussex, many hundreds of fieldfares and redwings perished; and down the valley of the Cuckmere this spring I found many pathetic reminders of their sad mortality. Starlings, too, suffer much at these seasons, as do blackbirds and thrushes. Whether the haws this season were sufficiently ripened to be palatable to birds is a moot point, only to be solved by hard weather. In some years, when the fruit is well ripened by autumn sunshine, the hedges are quickly stripped by Christmas or thereabouts. But in cold, wet seasons, such as we experienced this year, the hedge fruit hangs neglected and is evidently not attractive to the birds, except under the pressure of extreme want. Certainly, from all appearances, this ought to be a great fieldfare year. Holly trees are, in time of frost and snow, quickly stripped of their gay decoration, and the berries vanish as if by magic under the assaults of the starving birds.

H. A. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

A STREAMSIDE GARDEN IN EIGHT MONTHS.

IT is only recently that much interest has been taken in water-gardening, except as an architectural adjunct to the formal style in the shape of Lily ponds and fountain basins, these being introduced more for their architectural beauty than for any scope they offered for the cultivation of flowers that are in many respects the most interesting of their race. Ample evidence is given of this in a photograph of a streamside garden, and of which, perhaps, the most remarkable feature is the fact that on January 1st the excavation for widening and preparation of the stream had not been commenced, and

that the photograph was taken during the following August. Thus one of the most attractive features of the modern garden was made, planted and enjoyed within the space of eight months.

No one with any love of all that is beautiful in gardening would wish to be without such a feature in some part of the garden, and for the guidance of those who contemplate using what resources they possess towards the acquisition of a stream or water garden, the following particulars of the methods adopted in this case should prove useful. The land was nothing but waste marsh most of the year, in such a state of saturation as to be useless for any other purpose. Excavations were made as nearly as possible on the lines Nature would have adopted in a similar case, and formed into ponds and streams, this tending to drain the land and at the same time forming reservoirs for the water accumulated, making excellent sites for the culture of those plants requiring either total or partial submer-



W. Gill.

FLOWERS BY THE WATER-SIDE.

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AN ISLAND PLANTED WITH WILLOW, IRIS AND SPIREA.

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which there is permanently abundance of moisture. Care was taken to arrange the whole as informally as possible by the judicious introduction of curves in the channelling without spoiling the picture. Then the points of view were studied. It is obvious that the fullest enjoyment of a stream garden is to be obtained by the bankside; but no attempt was made at anything in the way of an artificial path, other than a simple track wending its way between the vegetation and crossing the stream at various points over a simple bridge consisting of a rough-hewn plank or two. No deliberate attempt at formal grouping was made, except that plants of dwarf growth were selected to occupy the margins on the side of the stream that the path happened to be—this to ensure a view of the water and the taller subjects beyond. Some care was certainly exercised to provide against a violent clashing of colours. Nothing that was not absolutely hardy was introduced, and by this means it was ensured that the work well done would be permanent, and that any additional time and money might another season be spent in extending the scheme rather than having to wage perpetual war against Nature. The most attractive subjects used for planting were, for the spring, *Trilliums*, *Epimedium*, *Trollius*, *Calthas* and *Saxifraga peltata*; for summer effect *Astilbe chinensis*, *A. rivularis major*

Peach Blossom and numerous others, *Spiraea palmata*, *p. elegans* and *p. alba*, *venusta* and *gigantea rosea*, Marsh Forget-me-not, richly coloured *Mimulus*, varieties of beardless *Iris*, *Iris Kämpferi* and the bog *Lilies* *Canadense*, *superbum* and *pardalinum*. All these and many other subjects equally beautiful clothe the banks, while foliage is supplied by *Arundo Donax*, *Eulalias*, *Acorus* and various graceful *Willows*. In the shallower margins the *Porcupine Rush*, *Arrowheads* in variety, water *Hyacinth* and *Ranunculus* revel. *Senecios* have noble foliage through the summer, and rich old gold blossom in the autumn; indeed, for nine months in the year the stream garden can be made to produce an almost infinite variety of shades, and even in winter. These illustrations are reproduced from photographs kindly sent by Messrs. R. Wallace of Colchester.

THE WEEPING WILLOWS.

THE Willows which have branches of a naturally weeping character may be classed among the most graceful and ornamental of our hardy trees, and possess the advantage of accommodating themselves in a great variety of soils and situations. Undoubtedly the best position for them is by the side of a pond or lake, where their thin, wand-like branches are reflected in the still water; but this does not imply that they will not grow and form handsome specimens in other places. Indeed, except in very poor, sandy or shallow soils these Willows may be grown in any soil that has been given moderately good tillage. Generally



W. Gill.

ASTILBES AND SPIREAS.

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speaking, a Weeping Willow should be planted as an isolated specimen, as its graceful outline is then seen to greater advantage. Undoubtedly the best known is the Babylonian Willow (*Salix babylonica*), which forms a large, spreading, symmetrical tree about thirty feet in height. A variety of it which has twisted leaves is known as *S. b. annularis*. The weeping form of the common Sallow or Goat Willow (*S. caprea pendula*), though not growing so large as the Babylonian Willow, is better for many localities, and is often known as the Kilmarnock Willow. *S. elegantissima* much resembles *S. babylonica*, except that its branches are sometimes more elegant in growth. The weeping form of the purple Ossier (*S. purpurea pendula*), although it does not usually grow more than ten feet or twelve feet high, is useful for growing in poor soil and cold, exposed situations.

PRUNING THE FIRE-THORN.

At this season, when the beautiful variety of the Fire-thorn named *Crataegus Pyracantha Lelandii* is aglow with scarlet berries, one is reminded of the mistakes made by many in pruning this fine plant. If grown in the open the branches are often left to develop as they please, and the result is that the shrub is covered over with berries; but when grown against a wall some restriction is, of course, necessary. Generally this restriction takes the form of a hard cutting back of all lateral shoots, with the result that in the winter the plant is devoid of berries except on the leading shoots, which have been nailed in. Thus the plant itself teaches us a lesson. The best clusters of berries are borne on rather young shoots; it should be the aim of the cultivator to annually tie some of these in all over the plant. H.

THE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL MATCH.

IT is estimated that on Saturday from fifteen to six thousand people gathered together at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, to witness the annual Rugby football match between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Few could have come prepared for the result. It was anticipated that Oxford would probably have the better of the game, but that the Cambridge backs were so strong as to make it certain that victory would be achieved only after a very hard struggle. The result must have surprised everybody, as Oxford not only won, but managed to secure a victory that contained two separate records. Never before had a University scored the total number of points which were put to the credit of Oxford, and never before had a University made so low a score as Cambridge did. This was all the more surprising because Oxford suffered in an unusual degree from the casualties incidental to the game. At a very early stage in the proceedings, Tarr, who had been playing magnificently, had his collar-bone broken in a tackle by Scholfield, just after Poulton had made a second try. He had to be taken off the field, and, of course, made no further appearance. He was not the only sufferer, as Cunningham received a very hard kick in the mouth, which temporarily put him out of the game. Thus Oxford at one time were playing only thirteen men, and their success on that account was all the more remarkable. It was a fast game from the beginning, and the winners are to be congratulated on the spirit and go which they displayed. Immediately after Cambridge kicked off Poulton made a sharp run and passed to Martin, who kicked into touch within a few yards of the Cambridge line. Within three minutes of the start Poulton scored a try behind the posts, which Cunningham



A RUSH FOR THE GOAL-LINE BY THE CAMBRIDGE FORWARDS.

converted, and Poulton repeated his feat within ten minutes after the game began. It was just then that the accident happened to Tarr, whose place was filled by Buchanan, while Honey played full-back. Buchanan was a great success in his new position, though he became a little careless when the victory of his side was assured. He played well into the hands of Martin, whose swiftness as a runner resulted in his securing four tries. At the interval Oxford were leading by one goal and three tries to one try. Afterwards there was no holding them, the backs especially doing first-rate work. Martin and Poulton did the scoring, while Gotley, Cunningham, Gilray and Buchanan, playing into their hands, made a combination that was altogether too much for the Cambridge side. Of the nine tries scored by them Martin made five and Poulton four.



A FINE TACKLE BY OXFORD.



A LINE OUT BY OXFORD.

The day was a great triumph for Oxford and has no parallel, the previous best victory having been achieved in the second match of 1883, when, at Blackheath, Oxford scored three goals and four tries to one goal. It was also a great day for Poulton, who was fortunate enough to have scored five tries in his first University match, and all the more so because he was the last of the players to receive his Blue, and his inclusion in the team was not decided upon till just before the match. Martin, who shares his triumph, is a fellow-student at Balliol.

A PAINTER OF BIG GAME.

LAST October I read an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* dealing with the work of a German animal painter of whom I had already heard, but with whose art I was unfamiliar. Passing Dover Street a few days ago, my eye was caught by a placard borne on the shoulders of a perambulating sandwichman which advertised a collection of pictures of big game. The Fine Art Society's Gallery was close at hand, so in I went. The next minute Bond Street, the slurring hansom, the wet pavements, hard hats, white collars and all kindred abominations were forgotten. Gone, too, were the grey skies and pall of smoke, and I was back in East Africa, under blue skies and a scorching sun, transported thither by the genius of William Kuhnert. There is no exaggeration in saying that as a truthful delineator of wild animals in their natural homes he is unsurpassed in his generation. Not only in nearly every case is his drawing perfect, but the sense of atmosphere is so remarkable as to be almost startling. No reproduction, however good, could correctly convey this quality, which to my mind, apart from any other consideration, renders his work pre-eminent. Perhaps the best instance of it among the pictures at present on view is that of an eland (No. 24). A solitary bull is advancing across a dried-up plain "with a hint of hills behind."

It is midday; the sun is blazing overhead, and beneath the bull's feet puffs of hot dust are rising. With such fidelity has the artist caught the loose, swinging movements of this species of antelope that almost involuntarily one listens for the castanet-like clicking of the hoofs. The foreshortening is perfect and the whole picture instinct with life. An adjoining work (No. 25) is another fine example of "atmosphere." A string of zebras walk slowly away, a single animal bringing up the rear. The composition of light and shade is Africa—there is no other word for it. In many conventional pictures beasts are drawn in a zoological garden and placed amid artificial surroundings, such as those among which they are popularly supposed to live. Works of this kind are never convincing, nor, in the majority of cases, is the effect of light and shade correctly expressed, for the sun of Europe is by no means the sun of Africa. In the present exhibition one feels that each picture must have been, as it were, painted on the spot. Indeed, no one could portray wild animals in the way Kuhnert does unless he had actually seen them in their own homes.

Full of sunlight and of the wonder of wild places, there is no exaggeration, though in many instances the animals' attitudes are highly unconventional. The elephant's tusks are not the colour of a visiting card, nor have the lion's teeth the appearance of those one sees in neat glass cases advertising the skill of some quack dentist. In some instances the colouring of the grass is too vivid to be quite pleasing, an imperfection absent from "An African Evening" (No. 5), in which masses of cumuli, so distinctive a feature of an African scene, are tinged with the dying rays of the sun. "Teeming with Game" (No. 29) is typical of East Africa. A herd of zebras is grouped on the left. A young foal kicks his heels in the exuberance of high spirits, while an old stallion in the foreground makes ready to bolt. The artist has caught their peculiarly knowing look to a nicety. In the distance a few giraffes and some ostriches are sedately pacing. On the right a long-faced congo peers round a red



A GOOD PASS BY THE OXFORD HALF.

ant-heap. One feels that the landscapes were not put in to fill up the canvas; they are there because they are the natural surroundings of the animals.

"The First Ray" (No. 13) is in some respects the best picture in the exhibition. On a level plain, dim in the early dawn, an old bull rhinoceros is feeding. On the outskirts of the bush which fills the middle distance stand a herd of zebra. Dominating the scene, the violet grey of its lower slopes shrouded in mist, rises the sun-kissed peak of Kilimanjaro, the mountain of the Great Spirit. As in the picture of the old lion seeking his meat from God beneath the moon, the artist has caught the spirit of the night and transferred it to the canvas, so here he has caught the spirit of the dawn; and it is this quality in his work, this power of grasping the intangible essence of the wilderness and the wild things, which makes Kuhnert a great artist, and which will make his pictures live. FRANK WALLACE.

LAW AND THE LAND.

A CASE tried before the Lord Chief Justice last week contains some very important considerations for different classes of His Majesty's subjects. Two naval officers, Lieutenants Cardale and Downes, dined at an hotel at Chatham and each had as a beginning half-a-dozen oysters. Within the next fortnight each of them became unwell and was found to be suffering from typhoid fever. Lieutenant Downes died, Lieutenant Cardale was ill for some time, but recovered. His illness, however, caused him to lose an appointment, and he brought an action to recover his out-of-pocket expenses and damages. It was proved that

typhoid fever had been very prevalent at Chatham, and notices had been issued warning the public against eating oysters unless boiled. It was also proved that in the Medway some oyster-beds were infected and had been closed by order of the Fishery Commission. It was also proved that the proprietor of the hotel had stated that he had bought the oysters either from a café near or from men at the door. It was also proved that all the established cases of typhoid at the time were due to eating cockles; none had been proved to be due to oysters. On this evidence the Lord Chief Justice left three questions to the jury: (1) Was the typhoid caused from eating the oysters at the dinner; (2) did Lieutenant Cardale rely on the skill and judgment of the defendant to supply wholesome oysters; (3) had the defendant been guilty of negligence; and if they were of opinion that they should answer these questions in the affirmative, what damages would they award the plaintiff? The jury answered all the questions in the affirmative and gave the plaintiff two hundred and sixty-four pounds damages. It seems, however, probable that there will be an appeal. The first and obvious lesson to be drawn from this is the extreme danger of eating oysters from oyster-beds in a river into which sewage is discharged; and, further, that the danger is not confined to oysters but extends also to cockles and other kinds of shell-fish. As the case now stands, a town is at liberty to discharge untreated sewage into tidal waters, thereby causing a risk to the health of persons who may eat shell-fish from those waters. Should not the blame be placed on the right shoulders and the permission to discharge such sewage into tidal waters, especially tidal waters where sources of human food are placed, be prohibited? Surely it cannot be right that a Corporation that knows that shell-fish will be used for food and in some cases, as in that of cockles, food for the poorest, should be able by issuing a warning notice to free itself from all liability. If it is too much to ask that the cause of evil should be removed, at least something should be done, when some of the beds are closed as being unfit for human food, to prohibit the free sale of shell-fish from beds in the same river equally liable to infection.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A BOOK likely to make people think is *The Dublin Book of Irish Verse, 1728-1909* (Oxford University Press), a representative anthology of Irish poetry, edited by Mr. John Cooke. It reads like a nation's dirge, especially if one leaves out a few writers essentially English in character. There is nothing peculiarly Irish, for example, in the fine lines which open the volume, "When lovely woman stoops to folly." Oliver Goldsmith was of London. Tom Moore, again, was the laureate of English drawing-rooms, who used his Irish lore for material practically in the same way that he used the Oriental reading out of which he fashioned "Lalla Rookh." Richard Brinsley Sheridan provided entertainment in the same manner for the same people. William Drennan strikes the true Irish note:

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbed by a foreign weight,
And, by worse, domestic hate.

On this string bard after bard has harped for a hundred and fifty years. The wrongs of the country supply the indignation that makes verse. Of two beautiful poems, either of which might be taken as the national anthem of Ireland, one, "The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland," has a fresh tenderness; the other is instinct with the sense of wrong. The famous lines were adapted from a ballad of the "ninety-eight":

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men an' women there for the wearin' o' the Green.

The songs of this oppressed people are such as might have been chanted by the waters of Babylon, when "they that led us away captive required of us then a song." Much of the verse is conceived in the spirit of the stern Hebrew curse, "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." It is not the highest inspiration, or rather it is a preoccupation fatal to the growth of the highest poetry. All the "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" of which Irish history speaks have failed to germinate the plaintive but animated numbers which should correspond to them. The Irish poet has not to any considerable extent been able to express the native genius as, for example, the Scotch has done. There "the far-off things" have given us "The Four Maries" and "The King Sits in Dunfermline Town drinking the blood-red Wine," while the Scottish temperament is in every line of "Auld Lang Syne," the real national anthem of the country. In this, Scottish sentiment finds expression with "canny" moderation and a characteristic pawkiness. What are the corresponding traits in the Irish? The typical Irishman is witty with a devil-may-care, irresponsible, illogical wit, he is ready and good-humoured and brave. His native product is the Irish bull. But in how little verse has the poet found words for these most admirable characteristics! As we shall show presently, a few writers have succeeded in doing this, but the majority march straight into unadorned pathos and sentimentality. We open the page at random and are confronted with the dismal line: "All children wonder that I do not smile." Turn the pages and

another bard swears, "My heart is as cold as the white winter's snow." A preternatural seriousness hangs over the poetry of this gay nation, even over those who are leading spirits of the latest revival. It cannot truthfully be said that the happy band of singers led by Mr. William Butler Yeats is individually, or in the mass, distinguished by a sense of humour. Yet here and there one stands out from the crowd. Milliken, in his "Groves of Blarney," writes as one inspired by the tattered and laughing, but divine genius of Ireland:

There's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air!

So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor gemi
Could not entwine;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

Alfred Perceval Graves has got the Irish genius into "Father O'Flynn." Moira O'Neil, too, is able to unite the tender and sweet with character and energy and originality. She is represented here only by two pieces, and those not her best. In the younger poets who are marshalled in alphabetical order there is plenty of talent, but it is not very wisely guided. Not many of these pieces would qualify for admission into a larger edition of Mr. Locker Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum." Mr. Stephen Gwynn, for example, is a very able man and a good writer whose "Out in the Dark" is a fine piece of work, in spite of its sheer and overdone pathos; but when he puts on his singing robe to play the exile he is solemn, artificial and not imaginative, but only ingenious. "Ireland, oh Ireland! centre of my longings," is one of those ejaculatory spasms of patriotism, of which not a line or word has the genuine ring of, say, "The sun shines fair in France, and fair sets he." Mr. Gwynn would be the first to jeer at a similar lugubriousness in others. We are, of course, saying nothing against such a true and natural solemnity as there is in Miss Jane Barlow's "Out of Hearing":

No need to hush the children for her sake,
Or fear their play;
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake,
'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take,
Betide what may.
No need to hush the children for her sake;
Even if their glee could yet again outbreak
So loud and gay,
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake,
But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make
This many a day;
No need to hush the children. For her sake
So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache
At their dismay.

She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake
To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake
Small heed they'd pay.
No need to hush the children for her sake :
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.

The weakness of the young Irish school lies, we think, in their endeavours to find the poetry of Ireland in its past. Deirdre and her mythical contemporaries have been worked so hard during the last ten or fifteen years that they deserve a rest. Let shadowy waters and still more shadowy landscapes fade out of sight for a time. We know that, in spite of the lamentation and the ancient tale of woe which every Irish bard thinks it is his duty to recite, there is no merrier people under the sun than the Irish.

GAMBLING GOSSIP.

Light Come, Light Go, by Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan.)

IT is a curious fact that Englishmen, who enjoy on the Continent such a reputation for sobriety and staidness of demeanour, should have distinguished themselves before the men of all other nations for the reckless abandon with which they have taken to gambling. The matter has only historical and social interest now; but there are few who will not find an abundance of entertainment in the mass of gossip collected by Mr. Ralph Nevill in the book before us. It affords material for the study of the infinite contradictions in human character as well as in gambling. For example, one would think that miserliness and the gambling spirit could not dwell in the same man; yet that they have done so is abundantly proved by the history of the celebrated miser Elwes. His original name was Meggot, but he took the name Elwes under the terms of the will of his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who himself was the perfect type of a miser. He had no acquaintances and no books; his one pleasure and delight was the heaping up and counting of his money. His nephew, who succeeded to the name and the fortune, was equally avaricious, but joined to this quality was a strong passion for gambling. He would sit up all night with the most fashionable profligates of his time in the brilliantly lighted and well-furnished rooms of the period, and about four o'clock in the morning would start, not for home, but to meet his own cattle coming up from Theydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex, to Smithfield Market. Then in the cold or rain of early morning he would be seen haggling with a butcher for a shilling. If the cattle did not arrive at the expected hour, he would walk on to meet them, and on more than one occasion had actually tramped the whole way to his farm, a distance of seventeen miles, after having been up all night at the gaming-tables. On one occasion he played on for two days and two nights steadily at piquet. He rose the loser of no less than three thousand pounds. He paid by a draft on Messrs. Hoare, which was duly honoured next morning. He did not create a record by his thirty-six successive hours at piquet. At the Roxburgh Club in St. James's Square, where it was kept by Raggett, Hervey Combe, Tippoo Smith, Mr. Ward and Sir John Malcolm, once sat from Monday evening till Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock playing whist, and the sitting was only broken up because Hervey Combe was compelled to attend the funeral of one of his partners. As he went away, the winner of thirty thousand pounds from Sir John Malcolm, he jestingly offered the latter his revenge whenever he liked. "Thank you," replied Sir John; "another sitting like this would oblige me to return to India again." The longest duel at cards is said to have taken place at Sulzbach between the famous adventurer Casanova and an officer called d'Entragues. They had met four or five times previously, and Casanova had been dissatisfied because he thought his opponent rose whenever he was the winner by ten or twelve louis. Accordingly, a match was arranged on the terms that the player who was the first to rise from the piquet table should forfeit fifty louis to his opponent. The stakes were five louis a hundred points, ready money only to be played for. It was a hard struggle. They played all night, and were found by visitors at six in the morning still hard at it. They played all the next day and all the next night, and at nine o'clock the following morning, though the officer could scarcely shuffle the cards, they were still going on. Altogether the game lasted forty-two consecutive hours, and at the finish Casanova, who won, strolled out to a chemist's shop, purchased a mild emetic, and after a few hours' sleep rose about three o'clock in the afternoon with an excellent appetite. His opponent did not get off so lightly. The statesman, Charles James Fox, was a great gambler, and once played for twenty-two hours in succession, with the result that he rose from the table the loser of eleven thousand pounds. The end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries was the time when the great ladies were most assiduously devoted to play. Many of them lived for it alone, sleeping or resting during the whole of the day, and only getting up late in the afternoon. The most distinguished of them was the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who at one time is said to have lost a hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, mostly at faro, and to her female acquaintances, one lady being alleged to have won no less than thirty thousand pounds.

But the rage for gambling was not confined to cards. It found expression in a vast number of extraordinary bets, such as that of Lord Cobham, who bet Mr. Nugent a guinea that he would spit into Lord Bristol's hat without the latter resenting it. The old betting book at White's records a number of curious wagers of this kind, many of them relating to births and deaths. For example, on November 4th, 1754, the following entry occurs: "Lord Montfort wagers Sir John Bland one hundred guineas that Mr. Nash outlives Mr. Cibber." Below this entry is the significant note: "Both Lord M. and Sir John Bland put an end to their own lives before the bet was decided."

A REVIVING ART.

English Leadwork, by L. Weaver, F.S.A. (Batsford.)

FOLLOWING on the lines of Professor Lethaby's excellent, but short and limited, book on ornamental leadwork, published fifteen years ago, Mr. Weaver has now given us a full account of what English leadworkers have done, and are now again doing, in the domain of Architecture and the

Decorative Arts. He displays two qualities, which certainly always should, but often fail to, meet in a writer on any subject treated historically and critically—assiduity and judgment. He has with untiring zeal collected a mass of facts and of illustrations, and he has then put them through a series of digestive processes carried out on true scientific lines. As a result, he presents to us every fact of importance, and he illustrates it aptly by photographic representation. But he does not repeat his facts or duplicate his pictures. From the collecting ground he comes to the laboratory, boils down his raw material into essences and reaches broadly-seated generalisations and deeply-founded conclusions. His book will establish itself as the authority on native leadwork and will not readily be ousted from that position.

Widely distributed and readily workable, lead was just the metal for primitive man, and Britain must have known its use from very early times. But the ease with which it can be melted and cast is against its long survival in the same form, and thus, though we may have plenty of very antique lead, we have little of it that retains the shape given to it by the medieval worker. Even fonts—the one church fitting which has been accepted by every succeeding phase of Christian belief—when made of this material, have often been, as Mr. Weaver slyly phrases it, "restored to their original condition of pig-lead." Of the thirty survivals, however, a large proportion are Norman. Saxon they used to be called, but more recent authorities make them younger by a hundred years and place them in the twelfth century. As the spire of Long Sutton Church is held to have been erected before that century saw its close, we may set that down as our oldest example of lead used in a large architectural manner, just as are the fonts of its smaller and more decorative treatment. Later medieval spires and roofs are more plentiful, although, here again, the vast majority have long ago gone into the melting-pot. Even those that remain have mainly lost such decorative features as they almost certainly possessed, and we have to come down to the year 1450 before we find an elaborate composition at East Harling, where the spirelet is surrounded by a set of lead pinnacles connected with it by flying buttresses. The opening of the sixteenth century saw greater richness of treatment, especially for domestic buildings. The turret cupolas at Hampton Court, with their "wealth of crocket and pinnacle and the great applied roses," make them the most decorative examples of Gothic roofing that remain to us. Wolsey found various uses for lead at his great Palace. His craftsmen did not include the dexterous plasterers who were soon to play so important a decorative part, and therefore on his ceilings ornamented panels of papier-mâché are framed in wooden ribs, and at the intersections are leaves cut out of lead. No doubt there were many other decorative purposes to which this material was put in early times. There can be little doubt that the leaden figures which still adorned the Cheapside Cross when it was pulled down in 1643 dated from Henry VI's time. The "King's Beasts" in the Hampton Court Gardens appear all to have been of stone or wood, but six of them cast in lead were used on the fountain that was erected in the upper Court at Windsor under the supervision of "John Punchardon, Serjeant plumer." It was no doubt the most splendid expression of his craft, for Mr. Weaver tells us "it must have had eight pillars, from which sprang arches, probably round. Above the cornice there was a roof of ogee outline, and standing on the cornice were the royal beasts with their gilded vanes flashing in the sun." All such fine sixteenth century examples are gone, and although rain-water-heads of essentially Gothic character survive in some quantity, yet they are mostly of Jacobean date. We are reminded that "plumbers were conservative craftsmen, a reputation which they enjoy to-day," and so we find that, though none has an earlier date than 1580, yet the great and remarkable series of rain-water-heads at Haddon Hall have a strong medieval flavour, the exceptions being those that belong to the closing years of the seventeenth century. Even that was not too late for a touch of surviving Gothic. Two very fine examples from Durham Castle, bearing date 1699, were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE on January 25th, 1908. Both are richly decorated with heraldic references to Lord Crewe, who was then Bishop of the See, but one is topped with a crenellated parapet, while the other has a classic cornice with acanthus foliage and reed and bead as its motifs. The former was a survival, but the latter represented the full taste of the day, and such we find on the grand specimens of full Palladian type at Bolton Hall, dated 1678.

This art retained a strong hold during the first part of the seventeenth century. But the rain-pipe, like the chimney, was an annoyance to our later school of classic architects. They seem to have left the matter to the plumber with orders to keep such tiresome North Country necessities as unobtrusive as possible, and Aberdeen is one of the few places where rain-water-heads are to be found decorated in the manner of Robert Adam. Rain-water cisterns as fully as rain-water-heads appealed to the English householder of the seventeenth century. Mr. Weaver begins his series with the magnificent circular example, quite six feet across, at St. Fagan's in Glamorganshire. Its two tiers of panels, with flat foliage ornament framed in arcaing, closely resemble what we find in the richer Jacobean wainscoting, and make the date 1620 quite convincing. Some eighty years later comes the simpler but very charming octagon tank, used as a fountain, at Charlton House in Kent, which was illustrated last spring in COUNTRY LIFE. Many other old fountains will our readers meet when they reach Mr. Weaver's chapters on figures and vases. The splendid leaden adornments of such notable gardens as those at Melbourne and Wrest, Wilton and Bicton appear pictorially in both Mr. Weaver's book and in the volumes of "In English Homes." In other cases, such as the fine figures of Roman soldiers at Newton Ferrers, the latter book supplements the thoroughly representative series that Mr. Weaver publishes. From the historic Mr. Weaver passes to the actual, not, however, without leaping over a chronological chasm. The nineteenth century is practically unrepresented. There is nothing to represent, and as late as 1888 an authority declared that he expected no revival. Five years later Professor Lethaby's book appeared, and at once it produced an effect. Architects and designers turned their attention to the subject. Londoners can now rejoice at the fine architectural treatment of lead in Mr. Starkie Gardner's bridge spanning Northumberland Street, and in Mr. Bolton's dome to the Hamburg-American Steamship offices in Pall Mall. Lovers of rain-water heads and cisterns can obtain fully satisfying examples from Mr. Bankart. Lady Chance will aptly ornament their fountains with dolphins and with Neptune's horses, while the Bromsgrove

Guild will decorate their garden niches and pedestals with charming statues and terminals. In his chapter on the leadwork of to-day, Mr. Weaver has had so often to give examples that have come from the workshops of this Guild, that the reference to them in the index is not to special pages of the chapter, but is summed up in the word *passim*. Their fountains, figures and vases are illustrated and the verdict is given that: "In all that concerns the leadwork of the gardens, the activities of the artists who compose the Bromsgrove Guild have been various and honourable." All this is exceedingly encouraging, and this section of the book should specially attract the reader, for it speaks to him of real achievement in his own day and calls him away from an absorption in the past which, if exclusive, is unwholesome. And so this last chapter is a very satisfactory ending to a very satisfactory book.

ENGLISH RIVERS.

Rivers and Streams of England, painted by Sutton Palmer, described by A. G. Bradley. (A. and C. Black.)

THIS is one of the best colour books that have been issued. The artist has been able to catch in the majority of instances the individuality of his subject, and contrives to suggest the kind of country through which it flows. Mr. Bradley has not written his book round the pictures. Of the Thames, for instance, he says nothing, on the ground that a brief essay would be inadequate, as it has a literature of its own. Mr. Palmer does not make it very prominent. Two of his drawings are from the neighbourhood of Henley and others respectively from Eton, Windsor and Richmond. There are more of the upper course. The place of honour is given to the Severn. Mr. Bradley is, naturally, very much at home with it, and gives many pages of interesting gossip about its beginning as a Prattling trout stream, the character of the country through which it runs, its historical associations and the old families dwelling on its banks. Shrewsbury, with its Hotspur legends, provides him with a congenial theme, and so do Worcester and Tewkesbury. The last-mentioned is, perhaps, the most picturesque of all the Severn towns. But Gloucester has much to be said in its favour, and Berkeley Castle possesses as much interest as a Border keep. Mr. Bradley often goes a-fishing in his leisure hours, and has amassed a wonderful store of intimate knowledge of streams lying far apart, writing, for instance, as familiarly of the Northumbrian Till as of the Itchen or the Test; in fact, he makes good his own description of the book as being "neither a guide nor encyclopaedia, but rather a coterie of descriptive essays, and water-colour sketches, covering, though necessarily in brief, most of the groups." Occasionally we feel that a quotation from the poets would have helped him out, for the charm of running water is one to which the poet is very susceptible, and there are passages in their works as pictorial as anything in print could ever be. He occasionally quotes Sir Walter, but we miss Swinburne, Tennyson and William Morris.

DEBRETT.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage, 1910. (Dean and Son, Limited.)

THE invaluable *Debrett* comes to us this year enlarged in form and improved in print. It is now an extremely handsome as well as instructive volume. The preface as usual is full of interesting remarks, among which must be numbered the complaint that, although the report of the Home Office Committee on the Baronetage was issued three years ago, no official announcement has been made, and, meanwhile, the number of doubtful claims to baronetcies continues to increase. Three interesting cases have been before the courts during the last twelve months. In July the Rev. John Francis Twisden obtained a judgment which established the marriage of his ancestor, Lieutenant William Twisden, R.N., thus enabling him to prove his right to the baronetcy of Twisden (or Twysden), creation 1666. The petition of Henry Jean Baptist Sackville-West for a declaration that he is the lawful son of the second Baron Sackville has been set down for hearing, and involves a claim to the barony of Sackville. The Macdonald-Bosville case, on which we commented last week, does not affect the Macdonald estates or the Macdonald peerage, but may have influence on the ultimate destination of a Nova Scotia baronetcy.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

A VERY important step has been taken towards defining the relations between the British Museum and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. It appears that at a meeting of the Trustees the relations of their respective Directors were very fully considered, with the result that Mr. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, was instructed by his colleagues to deal with the matter, and it could not have been placed in more capable and trustworthy hands. Mr. Lowther, acting on these instructions, invited Sir Archibald Geikie to express his opinion on the following questions:

(1) "Whether the Board of Trustees, acting through its standing committee, is in your judgment the best authority for the government of such an institution as the Natural History Department of the British Museum," and

(2) "Whether under the existing statutes and rules the scientific management of the Natural History Museum suffers any detriment from its association with the museum at Bloomsbury."

It will be admitted that these questions bring out the points of difference with absolute clearness. Sir Archibald Geikie bears a name highly honoured, not only in the world of science, but wherever the English language is spoken. Yet with

it is evident that the Peerage is extending its borders. During the last forty years upwards of a hundred and twenty-six peerages and a hundred and sixty-six baronetcies have expired; but two hundred and thirty-two peers and four hundred and thirty-one baronets have been created in the same period, and these numbers will probably be augmented after the impending General Election has taken place. Under the special remainders attached to their titles, Lord Amherst of Hackney and Lord Burton have each been succeeded by a daughter. This brings the present number of peeresses in their own right up to seventeen. The death of Lord Burton released the baronetcy of Bass, which once again takes its place as a separate title on the roll of the baronetage, having been merged in the peerage for the last twenty-three years. The death of Lord Egerton of Tatton causes the earldom to become extinct, but it releases the baronetcy created in 1859, which passes to the brother of the late Earl. A table is given showing the creations from January 1st, 1885, to December 5th, 1909, and another showing the titles extinct from January 1st, 1885, to December 5th, 1909, this being followed by an obituary table from January 1st, 1885, to December 5th, 1909. Such are a few points of the preface. The trustworthy, accurate and inexhaustible information in the book is known too well to require any special commendation.

A GOOD DOG BOOK.

Every Man's Book of the Dog, by A. Croxton Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

BOOKS there are in plenty concerning dogs, their different breeds and the manner in which they may best be reared, broken and kept in health, but in their usefulness they differ widely. In some cases the author, knowing much about his subject, conveys his knowledge in so dry and technical a manner that the dish, however wholesome it may be, becomes unpalatable, while in others a scanty amount of knowledge is so spread out among a mass of verbiage that life is all too short to spend the necessary time in seeking it. A long-felt want has been a book on dogs written by a man who knows all about them and is yet sufficiently an amateur in his love of the animal itself to write about them in a style which is at once pleasant to read and easy of comprehension by ordinary everyday dog-keepers and dog-lovers. This want has been supplied by Mr. A. Croxton Smith in his recently published work entitled *Every Man's Book of the Dog*. So much and yet so little has the author said in the two or three pages devoted to the "Origin of the Dog," that we venture to hope that in the following editions he will devote far more space to this branch of his subject. The directions given for the building and maintenance of suitable kennels—be they large or small—should be read, marked and duly digested by all dog-keepers, many of whom neglect the most ordinary rules of hygiene in the arrangement made for the keeping of their pets. In the chapter devoted to "Hints to Buyers" there is much excellent information as to the points to be sought in the selection of a dog of a given breed and, above all, of the means for detecting some of the "fakes" and impositions to which ignorant or heedless buyers are apt to fall victims. The questions of breeding and rearing are carefully gone into; the importance of manners in a dog is touched upon, and a very sensible chapter "Concerning Dog Shows" brings what may be called the preliminary portion of the book to a close and leaves the author free to deal *en amore* with all the different breeds of dogs. The chapter devoted to the bloodhound is, by the way, headed "The Foxhound"; but this is evidently a clerical error, and, it may be added, the only one which we can discover in a book which has our hearty commendation.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Love Besieged, by Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul and Co.)
From Sketch Book and Diary, by Elizabeth Butler. (A. and C. Black.)
England, by Lawrence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews.)
Henry Fielding, by G. M. Golding. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited.)
The Dublin Book of Irish Verse, edited by John Cooke. (Oxford University Press.)

every possible desire to accept his assurance, we cannot feel that it is entirely satisfactory. He points out that the allegation "that the Director of the Natural History Museum is under much more than the merely nominal control of the Director and Principal Librarian at Bloomsbury," has "probably been suggested by the fact that as both establishments are administered by one Board of Trustees, the financial business of the whole institution is entrusted to a single accounting officer." He goes on to tell us that the Director of the British Museum has "no power whatsoever of interference in the scientific work or management of the Natural History Museum," and that each officer "is charged with the entire control of the museum and staff over which he presides; thus the subordination of the one Director to the other is, for all practical purposes, non-existent." This statement is so much opposed to the assertions recently made by Sir Ray Lankester and reiterated by others that one would like, with all possible deference, to ask Sir Archibald Geikie where he obtained his information. Whom did he interview at the Natural History Museum? Did he consult the late Director, who had nine years' experience of the working of the present system? What experience has Sir A. Geikie had of the working of the present arrangement? Sir Archibald says that the Principal Librarian has no power whatever of interference with the scientific work at the

Natural History Museum; but is it true that the Director never meets the Trustees at the board meetings except in the presence of the Principal Librarian? This certainly was not the case in the time of Sir William Flower. Is it not a fact that the Director of the Natural History Museum is subject to the control of the Principal Librarian at Bloomsbury? Expressions in the published correspondence seem to confirm this. For example, reference is made to "the Bloomsbury and South Kensington departments of the British Museum," and to "the duties and responsibilities of the Director of the Natural History Department at South Kensington," phrases which imply in no doubtful manner

the subordination of the one to the other. In conclusion, I should like to call attention to the practical manner in which Professor Minchin has dealt with the matter in his letter to *The Times*. He very sensibly points out that, if the Principal Librarian can find time to attend the meetings of the Trustees at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, a second Director should not be required. It can hardly be called "an obviously convenient and economical arrangement," as Sir Archibald Geikie describes it, to employ two such highly-paid officials under the direction of the Natural History Museum. The money, as Professor Minchin pointed out, could be more wisely used in adding to the present inadequate staff.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

SAND-BOX, NOT TEE-BOX.

THE Lensove Golf Club has submitted a question to the Rules Committee this month which bears testimony to a delusion that seems spread pretty widely, namely, that the so-called "tee-box" indicates, on one side at least, the limit of the line behind which the ball is to be teed. The question runs, "A player tees a ball within three inches of the tee-box and claims that he can remove the tee-box, as it might interfere with his sighting the ball. Has he this right?" The answer of the committee is this: "A sand-box placed at the teeing ground is a loose impediment, and may be removed." This, in itself, carries a kind of tacit rebuke on the name "tee-box" and the implication of its use as designating the proper tee, though it may be argued, no doubt, that the name is permissible, because it is a box that holds the raw material for the tee. Still, this is more usually called sand. The answer proceeds: "It is usual to mark the limits of the teeing ground with discs, and to place the sand-box in a position which does not interfere with a stroke played from the edge of the teeing ground."

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THE BOX.

The whole question and answer seems to awake again a faint echo of the discussion that raged over the championship of Australia when Mr. Michael Scott won it with a score seven strokes better than the next, but was found to have teed wrongly at one hole owing to accepting the sand-box as a defining mark of the teeing ground. In his palliation it was shown that at previous holes the box had been placed right over one of the discs, completely hiding it, and he had taken the box as hiding it yet again at the hole where he made his error. It is always a vexed question, and will ever remain an open one, which side of the tee it is better to place the box. For our own part, we strongly favour the left, because it is the side which gets the caddie out of the sight of the player, presuming him right-handed; but there are a few who say that they would rather have all these "foreign bodies" in front of their eyes, because then they know where they are, whereas the knowledge of their being behind makes them nervous lest they are within reach of the club as it goes back. It is a view which seems to argue rather

"jumpy" nerves, and also a poor opinion of the faculty of caddies and opponents of looking to their own salvation; but as long as tastes differ on the point, so long, probably, will boxes continue to be put either side of the tee indifferently. But they are always, as the Rules Committee says, "loose impediments," not guiding marks. Whether the discs themselves are likewise "loose impediments" is a question that might serve as text for many an argument—but that is a fresh hare to hunt. We will leave it to some other hand.

CHAMPIONSHIPS IN 1910.

After a brief period of uncertainty and misunderstanding about the place for their championship, the ladies now seem to have all their chief events for next year fixed up quite comfortably, with the annual meeting at Ranelagh on April 19th and 20th, to be followed by the championship at Westward Ho! in the week but one following. The International tournament for the Miller Shield, which Scotland holds now, will be played for at Westward Ho! in the week

between. Hoylake is the place for the amateur championship of us "mere men" and, of course, the International match will be played there. Would that England might win it next year, for a blessed change! But, perhaps, that is too much to hope. Thus there is only the open championship to be decided on the north side of the Border in 1910. If it is the only thing, however, it is at least a big one.

JAMES HEPBURN.

Hepburn added very materially to his reputation lately by defeating Taylor in the first round of the *News of the World* tournament. It may be

that the champion was not on the very top of his game, but he played well enough to entitle his conqueror to a great deal of credit. It was a really thrilling match, and the play at the nineteenth hole, at which a very long putt holed by Hepburn was followed by a slightly shorter one by Taylor, sent the crowd wild with excitement. Hepburn continued his victorious career for two further rounds, beating Williamson, by means of a wonderful final spurt, and also Johns before falling a victim to Tom Ball. He has once before reached the semi-final—at Mid-Surrey in 1904—and has generally played for Scotland in the International match. The most attractive part of his game is, perhaps, his pitching, which is as pretty as it is effective, and his putting, for which he sometimes employs a cleft with a quite abnormally long face, is very good. He stands midway in age between the old and young generation, having been born in 1876, and should have plenty of good golf before him.

RISKS OF PRACTICE WITHOUT A CADDIE.

Probably we are all growing a little tired of what is comprehensively called "the caddie question," because the conclusion at which each discussion unfortunately has to arrive is that, in any satisfactory sense, the question is insoluble. There is, however, one aspect of it which is not given as much consideration as it deserves. Something is to be said for the view that the golfer who is young and vigorous ought to be able and willing to carry his own clubs, to make his own tees and so on. Perhaps that is so. On the other hand, a universal carrying of their own clubs by golfers would perhaps add appreciably to the number of

the unemployed. But the great practical and immediate argument against playing, or even practising, without a caddie is that it has a tendency to make the player look up very quickly—too quickly, before the club has come to the ball. The anxious looking up is occasioned by the desire, accentuated by the fear of losing the ball if it is not watched, to see where it is going to. And, again, there is another vice to which practice without a caddie is conducive, and that is the vice of playing your approaches too cleanly and skimming instead of digging well down at them and taking away a good solid divot. You avoid taking the divot because you do not want to be at the pains of going to fetch it and of replacing it; but it is a deadly thing to get into the habit of hitting up your approaches in this vague, uncontrolled way. If there is one point in the game which distinguishes the finished from the unfinished player, the expert from the merest amateur, it is the nebulous ideas of the latter about the approach strokes compared with the crisp certainty shown by the former's methods.



JAMES HEPBURN.

WORPLESDON REVISITED.

Few courses have sprung more quickly into fame and also into first-class playing condition than has Worplesdon. On a visit to it less than two years ago one had to view several of the holes with the eye of faith, since they consisted of nothing more or less than ploughed land. Now, at those same holes are lies and greens as good as anyone can want; indeed, they have caught up in a wonderful way the holes that were almost playable two years ago. The weak part of the course, if there be one, is undoubtedly the beginning, for the first three holes are not quite worthy of the rest. They have an indefinitely agricultural and meadowly appearance, and though good enough in themselves, yet give the visitor no inkling of the beauties in store for him; they are in no way better than might be found in many a park golf course. After the third, however, comes the first real taste of the course's quality—an attractive short hole with a family likeness to the eleventh at St. Andrews—and after that we get into the genuine country of sand and fir trees and all goes very well indeed. With the possible exception of too blind a down-hill shot at the sixth and a not very interesting fourteenth the golf is excellent right away to the end, and there are certainly some wonderfully difficult shots to be played. There is a second shot on to a plateau at the eighth which requires a nicely of judgment almost superhuman, since the plateau is unconscionably narrow. Then at the very next hole there is a really beautiful tee shot between a wood and a

big bunker, to be followed up by the most accurate of second shots that must thread its way between a perfect labyrinth of bunkers. The long eleventh is another lovely hole, with one of the most impudent of bunkers, eating its way right into the green—a good five hole if ever there was one.

ITS INFINITE VARIETY.

One attractive feature of the course is the great variety in the lie of the land. There is, for instance, the plateau hole before mentioned, and another, the seventeenth, where the bank looks so steep that we imagine that no ball can possibly climb it, and hit our run-up far too hard accordingly. Then there are a couple of up-hill holes—very good holes, too—the fourth and sixteenth, and a couple of greens lying at the foot of long slopes, the sixth and the eighteenth. There is a water jump at the tenth, a very pretty short hole, although, perhaps, its charms are just a little meretricious. Finally, there are some very entertaining waves in the ground in front of the fifth green that call for the long run up with a wooden putter, that is, if we have just failed in our duty of lashing the ball right home in two shots. There are some of those very up-to-date institutions, bunkers in the middle of the green, one at the water hole, where it imparts a needed spice of difficulty, and another at the sixteenth, an excellent hole, where we have always to be looking ahead and playing for position. Altogether it is wonderfully interesting golf, amid very pleasant surroundings; if there is, for the most part, no great stretch of view, there is heavenly peace and quiet among the fir trees.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the leader on this subject in your issue of November 27th you draw a distinction between the British Museum at Bloomsbury and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, which is liable to obscure the fact that the Natural History Museum is part of the British Museum and ought to be equal in every respect to the old institution at Bloomsbury. The departments of Zoology or Mineralogy at South Kensington should have exactly the same status as those of Greek and Roman Antiquities or of Printed Books at Bloomsbury. This is an indisputable fact and should be carefully borne in mind; because if the present absurd system of keeping the two institutions under one head is to persist, and if the succession to such a post be open to an officer of any one of the departments at Bloomsbury, it is a great injustice not to confer the same privilege upon officers of the Natural History Museum. It may be urged, however, that tradition has conferred upon the head of the British Museum the title of Principal Librarian, and that it would be ridiculous to promote a distinguished geologist or botanist to a post so designated. If this be conceded, promotion to the Principal Librarianship should be restricted to the department of Printed Books, with that of Manuscripts possibly included. But if the significance of the title Principal Librarian be set on one side, as has been done, there is no more reason why the headship of the museum should be conferred upon an officer of the departments of Ethnology, Coins, or Egyptology than upon an officer of one of the scientific departments at South Kensington. The two museums should be regarded as equivalent and complementary institutions. That is one of the claims that may with justice be made if the status of the Natural History Museum come up for consideration, and if it be unwisely decided to adhere to the existing régime. To speak of this system as unwise and absurd is no extravagance of language. For it is on the face of it preposterous that a great scientific department like the Natural History Museum should be in reality under the Directorship of an unscientific man who, through no fault of his own, but solely through the limitations of the human capacity for knowledge, is not in a position to give the Trustees any wise or useful counsel in the administration of the institution. Under these circumstances he ought to be guided in all matters relating to the Natural History Department entirely by the advice of the so-called Director at South Kensington, lest he fall into grave administrative errors. Yet if, in his wisdom, he be so guided, his position becomes a sinecure worthy only of instant abolition. It is unfair to expect a man, with his hands full of onerous, if more congenial work elsewhere, to fulfil with satisfaction to himself and others the obligations imposed upon him by his dual office. But the present system is open to the still more serious criticism that it puts into the hands of a man who, by his education and surroundings, is not likely to be genuinely sympathetic towards the work of a scientific department, great, if limited, powers of hampering and arresting its progress; and affords opportunities, if, unhappily, he be so minded, of misusing his authority to the detriment of the department in which he is uninterested. Surely, therefore, it is obvious that the welfare of the Natural History Museum will be best served by its complete severance from the museum at Bloomsbury so far as the Directorship is concerned. Let each museum have its own Director, under and individually responsible to the Trustees, as was to all intents and purposes the case when Sir Edward Bond was Principal Librarian at Bloomsbury and Sir William Flower the Director at South Kensington.—R. I. POCOCK.

COMPOUNDING FOR RATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested in your article in last week's COUNTRY LIFE entitled "Compounding for Rates." My experience in a purely agricultural district, in trying in a small way to make the labourer realise the rise or fall in rates, may interest some of your readers. A landlord, for whom I act as agent, was anxious that his cottage tenants should interest themselves in the question of rates. Although the rents from his cottage property did not bring him in, net, one per cent. on the original outlay and were low even for farm labourers' cottages, this gentleman had no thought of benefiting his own pocket. In order to carry out the owner's wishes I sent all his cottage

tenants who did not live rent free the following year's notice, which I tried to word as simply as possible:

"——, 1907

SIR OR MADAM,—

I hereby beg to inform you, that, in the future, the amount of rent payable by you for the cottage you occupy, will be governed by the amount of rates paid by the owner on the same.

This year £— —. —d. was paid by the owner for rates on the cottage you occupy, and in future years, if the rates on the same, amount to more than the above amount, you will have to pay the difference; on the other hand, if the rates amount to less, the difference will be deducted from the rent you now pay.

Yours faithfully,

Estate Agent to ——

Neither at the time I sent out this notice nor since have I heard a single complaint, and two years' rents have been collected on the terms stated. The cottages are situated in three parishes, and I give examples of how the scheme worked out: Parish X.—Rateable value of cottage and garden, let at £2 12s. per annum, amounts to £2 5s.; amount of rate paid in 1907, the year referred to in the notice, 9s. 4½d.; rate paid in 1908, 7s. 10½d.; rate paid in 1909, 8s. 3d. Here the tenant received a reduction of 1s. 6d. the first year and 1s. 1½d. the second. Parish Y.—The tenant of a cottage rated at £2 10s. paid an increased rent of 6d. in 1908 and of 1s. 5d. in 1909, the rate paid in 1907, and taken as the standard, amounting to 8s. 8d. and rising to 9s. 2d. in 1908 and 10s. in 1909. In Parish Z.—On a cottage rated at £2 10s. the rates paid in 1907 were 11s. 3d., and in 1908 and 1909 they totalled up to 10s. 5d., the same amount each year. I only find it necessary on this estate to collect the rent once a year, at Michaelmas, and both before and since the innovation the tenants pay up regularly and without any grumbling.—A MEMBER OF THE SURVEYORS' INSTITUTION.

PEST OF HOUSE-SPARROWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "G. J.'s" letter concerning pest of house-sparrows, I know of no better way than for your correspondent to procure one of the excellent air-rifles made by the B.S.A. Company. In the late spring of this year we were greatly troubled by the same pest. They devoured every young shoot in the garden, besides vast quantities of chicken corn. Since the arrival of the air-gun, however, the pests have been thinned down to a negligible quantity. Your correspondent will find the cost of the pellets practically nil, and the rifle will pay for itself in a very short time. The small pellets will certainly not injure the tiles at a distance of fifteen yards.—D. F.

BIG BANKS DIVIDING SMALL FIELDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "Sphinx" asks an interesting question about the explanation of the great banks and fences dividing small fields which are seen in some parts of the country, and notably in the West. It is none the less interesting because it may probably be answered by just a little exercise of the imagination. It is not to be supposed that, when these formidable ramparts of earth and hedge growth were raised, their constructors had a plain surface on which they made them. "Sphinx" rather seems to have imagined their problem as if it had been one of the best ways of dividing an already cleared surface. What we may be very sure was the real inception of these great divisions of the fields, and of the fields themselves at the same time, was the clearance, in order to make pasture, of what was, when the task was undertaken, rough woodland. It is not to be supposed that it was altogether unkempt woodland, for forestry in England, at the date when the forest laws were in operation, paid a deal of attention, though perhaps informed with little science, to the "vert," as it was called (*i.e.*, the "verd"—the green, that is to say, the green-wood tree). When there was little or no coal this was very important. When they began to make predatory "assarts" or legal clearings in this, whether the work were done by a quasi-feudal owner, through his villeins or by a freedman, by leave of the lord, or however it might be, it is evident that they would have a tough job. The stubs would have to be grubbed up and a lot

of earth and débris would come away with them ; a part might be destroyed by fire, but a part, protected by the wet earth, might resist the burning, and, after all, it was not altogether desirable that there should be an utter destruction, for the clearance had a definite purpose, viz., to make pasture for the domestic beasts. This indicated the necessity for some kind of fence, and there you had the material for your fence ready at hand, in the stuff grubbed up. The land was not valuable. They would heap the ridges of earth, surmounted by the smaller brushwood, very likely to keep the cattle and sheep in, or to keep them out, if they were going to use the ground for agriculture, which came later. Thus it is easy to see how these big fences and banks might have originated. I am far from saying that this, of necessity, is how they actually did come into being ; but it is a solution, at least, difficult to prove wrong, if equally difficult to prove right, of "Sphinx's" riddle. It is noticeable that the small fields are seen in the broken, undulating districts where this kind of clearance would especially have to be made. The "assarts" or illegal clearings seem to have been left in the hands of those who cleared them, provided the fine for the illegality was paid according to the decision of the forest court.—EDIPUS.

RURAL HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your editorial remarks in COUNTRY LIFE of December 2nd you mention the sadly neglected and insanitary condition of country villages, and the need of an association to seek to improve these conditions by bringing about the better administration of the Public Health Laws. I am glad to inform your readers that such an association has now been in existence for some eight years—The Rural Housing and Sanitation Association, with Sir Thomas Dyke Acland as its president, and its office in Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. The association has held a large number of meetings, by which it has endeavoured to arouse public opinion on the question, to

equivalent or nearly the equivalent, amount. If sufficient funds were forthcoming, the association could, during the next few years, do an enormous amount of work under, and in connection with, the new Housing and Town-Planning Act. Now is the opportune moment in which to enlist also the sympathy and co-operation of private enterprise. There will be many persons rightly anxious to work for and to push the municipal side of the Act ; but all those who are familiar with country life will know that if heart-burnings and political bitterness are to be avoided, private and personal goodwill and co-operation must also be on the side of wise and necessary social reform.—CONSTANCE COCHRANE, Treasurer Rural Housing and Sanitation Association.

PROTECTION FROM FROST.

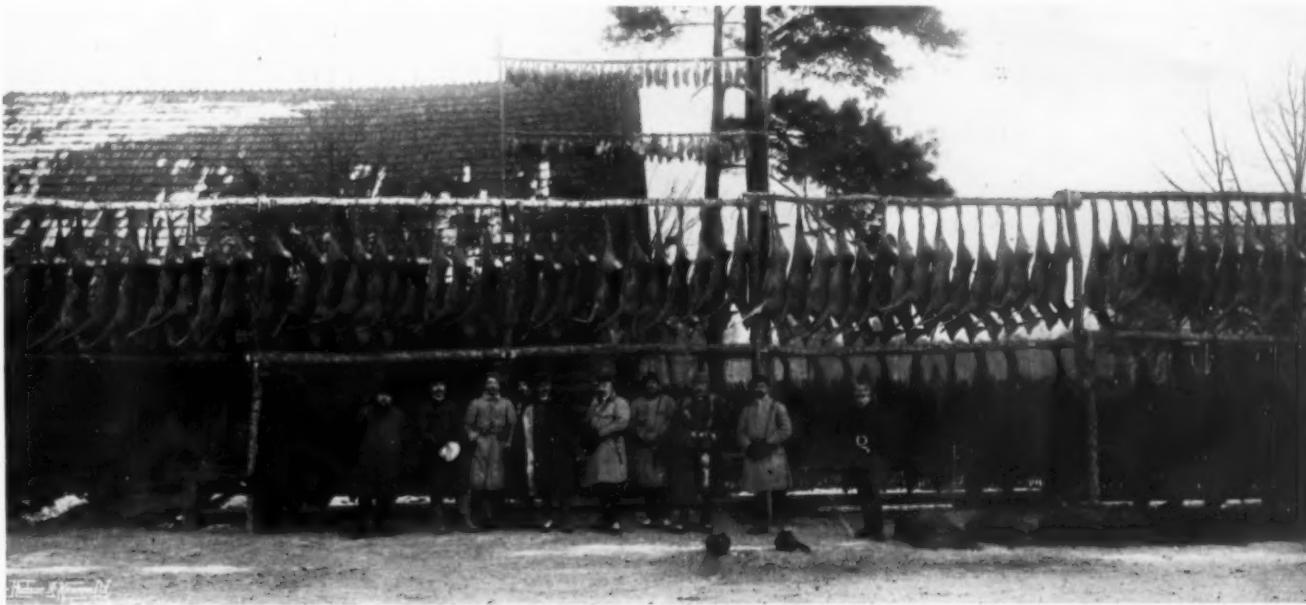
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed in COUNTRY LIFE, August 21st, some remarks on "Frosts." It may be useful to those who suffer by frosts to know that wood ashes sprinkled over the leaves of a plant—say, cucumber—which is frosted will be quite unharmed. Here we have summer frosts, and I have tried ashes with great success. You are not overburdened with wood as we are, and wood-ashes may be hard to get, so I should try fine sawdust.—FAIRFAX SMYTH.

A GREAT BAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It might be interesting to your readers to see the picture of a splendid shooting party which took place last winter in Stgarrye, Government of Volhynie (Russia), on the estate of Count and Countess Branicki. The shooting party lasted three days, during which the game amounted to sixty deer, thirty wild boars, sixty-three hazel hens, five foxes and two woodcock. The eight guests figuring in the photograph sent were : Count Auguste Potocki, Prince Eustache Sapieha, Count Jules Tarnowski, Prince Zirslas



THE DEAD GAME.

explain existing legislation, to give information as to what can be done to receive, verify and pass on to the proper authorities complaints which have failed to receive attention ; to establish local committees to act on similar lines locally, and to organise health lectures and so strengthen the hands of the sanitary authorities. The secretary of the association supplies full information on all matters connected with rural housing, rural by-laws, Public Health Acts dealing with this side of the question, cottage building, needs and requirements of country districts, etc. The association carefully watches new legislation, and throughout the passage through Parliament of the Housing and Town-Planning Act has been in close touch and consultation with members of Parliament specially interested in rural housing, as well as with the President of the Local Government Board and leading Members of the House of Lords. The Rural Housing Association is absolutely independent of party politics, and among its vice-presidents are Sir William Chance, Bart., Mr. H. Fairfax-Cholmeley, Professor Loch, Miss Alice Ravenhill, Professor Simpson and the Earl of Stamford. A perusal of the reports of the association for the last seven years will show that a great deal has been done in the way of improving the housing and sanitary conditions of villages, and in several instances cottages have been built when the need for them has been brought prominently before those in a position to build. As a result of the many public meetings held by the association, the public has become much better informed of the facts connected with rural housing and sanitation, and this wider knowledge has undoubtedly resulted in improved administration. When the association began its work, its communications to owners and sanitary authorities were frequently greeted with contempt and rudeness ; but at the present time this is very rarely the case. Almost always the representations of the association receive careful attention, and often the thanks and co-operation of local administrators. The Association is now concentrating its attention on the endeavour to devise some economic co-operative scheme by which it might be possible to build cottages in rural districts which should not incur a loss on the rates. In order, however, to give effect to such a scheme, it is strongly felt that higher rents than one shilling and sixpence and two shillings a week will have to be paid by the cottage tenant ; and to meet the increased rents it will be necessary for wages to rise to the

Lubomirski, Prince James Radziwill, Count Benedict Tyszkiewicz, Count Thomas Zamoyski, Count John Zamoyski.—MARIE LUBOMIRSKA.

GOLDFINCHES AND BULLFINCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is just a little surprising to us who are engaged in the rather difficult struggle of making fruit-growing pay in the orchards of Kent to read such a letter as that which has been appearing in some of the papers lately, congratulating the county authorities of a certain Northern county on the protection that they are affording to "goldfinches and bullfinches." To us, this is bound to appear as a grouping together of the sheep and the goats in a way that is distinctly contrary to all the rules. There is not, it is probable, a single person in this country, perhaps we may say in the world, who does not wish every possible protection extended to the goldfinch ; but as for the bullfinch, though we admire the beauty and engaging qualities of this little bird, and though we do not yield to anybody in humanity of heart, still it is absolutely impossible to be a fruit-grower on Bhuddistic principles, taking no life at all, and we are bound to do our best, whether by the law's leave or in its despite, to keep down the ever-increasing numbers of these little birds whose favourite food is the bud of the fruit tree. This winter the bullfinches are in numbers such as I have never known them before, and I have seen a flock of quite thirty together. The goldfinch we all wish well to—he does us no harm—but we might as well spare the winter moth itself as the bullfinch, if we are to succeed in our efforts to grow fruit in the South-East of England.—FRUIT-GROWER.

PICTURES OF PET DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing an exhaustive work on pet dogs, and especially toy spaniels, and should be very grateful if any of your readers who are owners of country houses would let me know of any pictures which contain representations of these dogs, and in particular of pictures dating between 1550 and 1660 or earlier, as I am anxious to have as many illustrations as possible. All information regarding small toy dogs of any colour will be

most welcome. Pictures, tapestry or carvings would be of the utmost historical value, and you would be doing a great service in making my letter public and so giving your readers an opportunity of communicating information which I should find it impossible to get in any other way.—JUDITH LYTON.

WATER-MARKS ON INLAND TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing some inland high-water marks on trees at Ampleforth, Sussex. I assume that these marks were left there



HIGH-WATER MARKS ON TREES.

by the floods which occurred in the district recently, but why the water should have made such distinctly black marks I cannot imagine. Possibly some of your readers may be able to furnish an explanation of this somewhat unusual sight.—CHARLES W. LICENCE.

A NATIVE SUBSTITUTE FOR GUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In old works on angling one finds occasional references to the "Indian weed." This was evidently some kind of substitute for gut. I spent three years in Madras, and during this time saw a good deal of the Madras Hindu's angling methods. In universal use among these people was a strong filament which I have always heard called "bainy fibre." I believe that this was prepared from the roots of some kind of palm. I had some notes on the subject, but have unfortunately lost them, and cannot now remember the details. The characteristics of the fibre I recollect well enough, as I got some in the Bazaar and gave it a thorough trial at the time. It is yellowish and partially transparent, but not nearly so much so as gut. Like gut, it becomes softened by soaking in water, but is not quite so strong for the same thickness. It is in one respect only superior to gut, and that is in offering more resistance to being bitten through by the teeth of predaceous fish. I remember on one occasion seeing a native hook a skate of about twelve or fifteen pounds, when he was fishing from the Madras breakwater. He had a line of bainy fibre coiled in his hand, but no rod. With this hand coil he played the fish till it lay helpless on the surface, when another native got it out for him with a large hook lashed to the end of a bamboo. This proves that the fibre has considerable strength, for the man's line was no thicker than medium salmon gut. Natives, however, are so deft with their fingers that they can pay out and take in line with a loose coil in the hand almost as well as a European provided with reel. I have a very strong suspicion that Indian weed and bainy fibre are one and the same thing.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE NESTING OF THE REED-BUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of December 4th, Mr. Disney (Wiltshire), concerning an article entitled "English Natural History at the Royal" in your number for November 20th, wherein it is stated that "the nest and egg of the reed-bunting are easily found," writes: "in this district (of Wiltshire) I find the nest particularly hard to find, as it is extremely well concealed, . . . so well as to baffle discovery without careful and patient watching. It would be

interesting to know if the birds vary their site with the district." I think it is generally agreed that the home of the reed-bunting—unless, of course, the bird is flushed from it under foot—is, in the main, difficult to find. And seeing that the reed-bunting is generally an extremely close sitter, the high road to certain success lies in steady "beating"; that is to say, you saunter slowly along some overgrown ditch or dyke, or, indeed, any spot where the bird has been located and where it is likely to build, tapping the herbage at every step with a stick. If the bird is "at home," failure is impossible; if she is not, then the nest is usually very hard indeed to "spot"; generally, it is satanically well hidden. Of course, some nests may be found by watching, and if at the right season you come across a female (for, though the male does sit, the female, after all, is responsible for the bulk of incubation) which is behaving in a fidgety fashion, ten minutes will normally suffice to trace her to her treasures. She is nearly always fairly direct in her tactics; only, of course, you must not be too near. At first she flies on to the summit of some clump of herbage, or on to an osier close to the nest, where, swaying about, she remains for a few moments. Then she flies straight into the nest. And if you now march straight towards the spot, the chances are much in favour of her leaving several paces in front of you. On such occasions she seldom sits so closely as usual. As to the position of the nest, a very favourite site is the bank of a dyke or rough ground at the edge of a pond dotted with dense herbage, in which cases it is cunningly concealed among the growth, and nearly always actually on the soil, though periodically wedged into a scrape in the soil prepared for it. At other times the festooned summit of a low osier-stub affords it ample protection, or else you must wade up to your knees in slush looking for it in the litter of dead fallen reeds and sedges; while, again, it reposes in the centre of or under the lea of a clump of rushes. And occasionally I have found a nest in a low bush, not far from water of some description.—JOHN WALPOLE-FOND.

FERRETS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have had correspondence, I think, with a lady from Grange about a pet ferret in your journal recently, so I thought that the enclosed photograph



A TAMED FERRET.

of the same might be of interest to your readers. The ferret while in the studio played about like a tame kitten with my little girl, and came to its mistress when called.—GILBERT T. HOGG.

"SALTING" SHEEP IN THE VAL D'HERENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the custom of "salting the sheep" at Avolla, at the head of the Val d'Herens, Switzerland. On the first Sunday in August the sheep and lambs are given each a handful of coarse salt. The peasants go out with a bag of salt tied round their waists and push a handful at the muzzle of each animal, which is eagerly devoured. The sheep rush about continually, so eager are they to get the salt.—K. W. HARVEY.



"SALTING" THE SHEEP AT AVOLLA.

HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "H.," requiring information about the Home of Rest for Horses, he should write to Mr. J. Brabazon Morris, Home of Rest for Horses, Westcroft Farm, Cricklewood Lane, London, N.W. I can recommend the Home in every way.—S. L.